A

POCKET HYMN BOOK,

FOR THE USE OF

CHRISTIANS

OF ALL

DENOMINATIONS.

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION.

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A POCKET HYMN BOOK.

HYMN. [C. M.

1 MY God, my God, on thee I call;
Thee only wou'd I know:
One drop of blood on me let fall,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity;
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art:
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And chear my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again, my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live:
The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide;
For me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

6 Oh! why did I my Saviour leave,
So ſoon unfaithful prove?
How cou'd I thy good Spirit grieve,
And ſin againſt thy love?

7 I forc'd thee firſt to diſappear,
I turn'd thy face aſide:
Ah Lord! if thou hadſt ſtill been here,
Thy ſervant had not died.

8 But O how ſoon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Aſſiſt me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

9 O cou'd I loſe myſelf in thee!
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vaſt unfathomable ſea,
Of unexhauſted love!

10 My humbled ſoul when thou art near,
In duſt and aſhes lies!
How ſhall a ſinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

11 I loathe myſelf when God I ſee,
And into nothing fall;
Content, if thou exalted be,
And Chriſt be all in all.

H Y M N. [All 7's.

1 JESU, Lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt:
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my ſoul at laſt.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on the.
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport, and comfort me:
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

3 Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer
Lo! I ſink, I faint, I fall,
Lo! on thee I caſt my care:
Reach me out thy gracious hand!
While I of thy ſtrength receive,
Hoping againſt hope I ſtand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind:
Juſt, and holy is thy Name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs,
Falſe, and full of ſin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound:
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring thou up within my heart
Riſe to all eternity!

H Y M N. [S. M.

1 AH when ſhall I awake
From ſin's ſoft-ſoothing pow'r!
The ſlumber from my ſpirit ſhake,
And riſe to fall no more?
Awake no more to ſleep,
But ſtand with conſtant care,
Looking for God my ſoul to keep,
And watching unto prayer?

2 Oh! could I always pray,
And never, never faint;
But ſimply to my God diſplay
My every care and want!
I know that thou wouldſt give
More than I can requeſt;
Thou ſtill art ready to receive,
My ſoul to perfect reſt.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A ſinful world to ſave;
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have;
Not one of all the race,
But may return to thee,
But at the throne of ſov'reign grace,
May fall and weep like me.

4 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaſeleſs prayer,
'Till thou my ſins ſubdue,
'Till thou my ſins deſtroy;
My ſpirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

5 Meſſiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my ſoul bring in,
Thy everlaſting righteouſneſs,
And make an end of ſin.
Into all thoſe that ſeek
Redemption thro' thy blood,
The ſanctifying Spirit ſpeak,
The plenitude of God.

6 Let us in patience wait,
Till faith ſhall make us whole
'Till thou ſhalt all things new create,
In each believing ſoul.
Who can reſiſt thy will?
Speak and it ſhall be done!
Thou ſhalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

§ 1. *Exhorting and beſeeching ſinners to return to* GOD.

HYMN 1. [*Leeds Tune.* C. M.

1 O For a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Maſter, and my God,
Aſſiſt me to proclaim!
To ſpread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jeſus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe,
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears!
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd ſin,
He ſets the priſoner free!
His blood can make the fouleſt clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Hear him, ye deaf: his praiſe ye dumb,
Your looſen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Look unto him, ye nations: own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be ſav'd through faith alone,
Be juſtify'd by grace.

7 See all your ſins on Jeſus laid;
The Lamb of God was ſlain;
His ſoul was once an offering made,
For every ſoul of man.

8 Awake from guilty nature's ſleep,
And Chriſt ſhall give you light:
Caſt all your ſins into the deep,
And waſh the Æthiop white.

9 With me, your chief, ye then ſhall know,
Shall feel your ſins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN 2. [*Invitation.* L. M.

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel-feaſt;
Let every ſoul be Jeſu's gueſt;
Ye need not one be left behind:
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is for all:
Come, all the world: come, ſinner, thou,
All things in Chriſt are ready now.

3 Come, all ye ſouls by ſin oppreſt,
Ye reſtleſs wanderers after reſt;
Ye poor, and maim'd, ye halt, and blind,
In Chriſt a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the goſpel-feaſt,
Be ſav'd from ſin: in Jeſus reſt:
O taſte the goodneſs of your God,
And eat his fleſh, and drink his blood.

5 Ye vagrant ſouls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
All may be freely juſtified;
Ye all may live: for Chriſt hath died.

6 My meſſage as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Chriſt, and live;
O let his love your hearts conſtrain,
Nor ſuffer him to die in vain!

7 His love is mighty to compel:
His conquering love conſent to feel:
Yield to his love's reſiſtleſs power;
And fight againſt your God no more.

8 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding ſacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace!
And freely now be ſav'd by grace!

9 This is the time: no more delay!
This is your acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all!

Hymn 3. [*Tallis.*

1 O All that paſs by, To Jeſus draw near,
He utters a cry: Ye ſinners give ear!
From hell to retrieve you He ſpreads out his hands:
Now, now to receive you, He graciouſly ſtands.

2 If any man thirſt, And happy would be,
The vileſt and worſt May come unto me:
May drink of my Spirit, (Excepted is none,)
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jeſus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life ſhall ariſe,
Shall in the believer Spring up to the ſkies.

4 My God, and my Lord! thy call I obey;
My ſoul on thy word Of promiſe I ſtay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace:
I thirſt for ſalvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O haſten the hour! Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love;
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace;
Of wiſdom, of prayer, Of joy and of praiſe:

6 The ſpirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which ſaves us from wrath, and brings us to God;
Removes the huge mountain, Of indwelling ſin,
And opens a fountain, That waſhes us clean.

HYMN 4. [*Invitation.* L. M.

1 HO! every one that thirſts, draw nigh;
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
Mercy and free ſalvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'rer's home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See, from the Rock a fountain riſe!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burthen'd, ſin-ſick ſouls,

4 Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind:
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jeſus find.

5 Why ſeek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry ſouls ſuſtain?
On aſhes, huſks, and air ye feed,
Ye ſpend your little all in vain.

6 In ſearch of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing ſtrife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endleſs life.

7 Hearken to me, with earneſt care,
And freely eat ſubſtantial food!
The ſweetneſs of my mercy ſhare,
And taſte that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodneſs prove,
My promiſes for all are free;
Come, taſte the manna of my love,
And let your ſouls delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive:
Quicken'd your ſouls by faith divine,
An everlaſting life ſhall live.

Hymn 5. [*Tallis.*

THY faithfulneſs, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind?
Thy mercy ſo tender, To all the loſt race;
The fouleſt offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I ſhew:
I ſet to my ſeal, That Jeſus is true:
Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour; His grace is for all.

3 To ſave what was loſt From heaven he came
Come ſinners, and truſt In Jeſus's name!
He offers you pardon, He bids you be free!
If ſin be your burden, "O come unto me!"

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you:
The publican's Friend And Advocate too:
For you he is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding, For ſinners beneath.

5 Then let us ſubmit His grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
All may be forgiven For Jeſus's ſake:
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

HYMN 6. [*Foundery.* All 7's.

Why will ye die, O Houſe of Iſrael.---Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, aſks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himſelf to live;
He the fatal cauſe demands,
Aſks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankleſs creatures, why
Will ye croſs his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, aſks you why?
God, who did your ſouls retrieve,
Died himſelf, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ranſom'd ſinners, why
Will ye ſlight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, aſks you why?

He, who all your lives hath ſtrove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye ſtill refuſe to live?
Why, ye long ſought ſinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in ſin,
Dead to God, while here ye breathe,
Pant ye after ſecond death?
Will ye ſtill in ſin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying ſinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 7. [*Invitation.* L. M.

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel word!
Haſte to the ſupper of my Lord:
Be wiſe to know your gracious day,
All things are ready; come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning ſon:
Ready your loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Juſt now the ſtony to remove:
To apply, and witneſs with his blood,
And waſh, and ſeal, the ſons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt
Is ready with their ſhining hoſt:

All heaven is ready to reſound,
"The dead's alive! The loſt is found."

Part the Second.

1 COME then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
In Chriſt to paradiſe reſtor'd,
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel-grace.

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The ſeeing eye, the feeling ſenſe,
The myſtic joys of penitence:

3 The godly grief, the pleaſing ſmart,
The meltings of a broken heart!
The tears that tell your ſins forgiven:
The ſighs that waft your ſouls to heaven:

4 The guiltleſs ſhame, the ſweet diſtreſs,
Th' unutterable tenderneſs:
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why ſuch love to me!"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of ſaving grace,
The ſight that veils the ſeraph's face:
The ſpeechleſs awe that dares not move,
And all the ſilent heaven of love.

I. § 2. *Deſcribing the Pleaſantneſs of Religion.*

HYMN 8. [*Brentford.* S. M.

1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne;
Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God:
But ſervants of the heavenly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth ſurveys,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And calms the roaring ſeas;
This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
He will ſend down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin:
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.
Yea, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate
The thought of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our ſongs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Hymn 9. [*Leeds.* C. M.

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning ſtar,
And thou my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
If Jeſus ſhews his mercy mine,
And whiſpers I am his.

4 My ſoul wou'd leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
To ſee and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Wou'd bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 10. [*Arne.* Alt 7's.

1 HAPPY ſoul, that free from harms,
Reſts within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet ſhall moleſt?
Who ſhall violate his reſt?
Jeſus doth his ſpirit bear,
Jeſus takes his every care:
He who found the wand'ring ſheep,
Jeſus ſtill delights to keep.

2 O that I might ſo believe,
Stedfaſtly to Jeſus cleave:
On his only love rely,
Smile at the deſtroyer nigh!
Free from ſin and ſervile fear,
Have my Jeſus ever near:
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradiſe of love!

3 Jeſu, ſeek thy wand'ring ſheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy boſom bear.

Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above!
O that I at laſt may ſtand
With the ſheep at thy right-hand:
Take the crown ſo freely given:
Enter in by thee to heaven.

Hymn 11. [*Cambridge.* L. M.

1 HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
The bleſſings of God's choſen race,
The wiſdom coming from above,
The faith that ſweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond deſcription he,
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me;"
The gift unſpeakable obtains,
And heavenly underſtanding gains.

3 Wiſdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wiſdom's coſtly merchandiſe?
Wiſdom to ſilver we prefer,
And gold is droſs compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praiſe:
Riches of Chriſt on all beſtow'd,
And honour that deſcends from God.

5 To pureſt joys ſhe all invites,
Chaſte, holy, ſpiritual delights;

Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man, who wiſdom gains:
Thrice happy who his gueſt retains?
He owns, and ſhall for ever own,
Wiſdom, and Chriſt, and heaven are one.

HYMN 12. [*Wedneſbury.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the ſouls to Jeſus join'd,
And ſav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They ſing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praiſe,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holieſt leads;
From thence our ſpirits riſe:
And he that in thy ſtatutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the ſkies.

HYMN 13. [*Amſterdam.*

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who haſt on me beſtow'd
An immortal ſoul deſign'd
To be the houſe of God:
Come, and now reſide in me,
Never, never to remove;
Make me juſt and good like thee,
And full of power and love!

2 Bid me in thy image riſe,
A ſaint, a creature new:
True, and merciful, and wiſe,
And pure and happy too.
This thy primitive deſign,
That I ſhould in thee be bleſt:
Should within the arms divine
For ever, ever reſt.

3 Let thy will on me be done,
Fulfil my heart's deſire,
Thee to know, and love alone,
And riſe in raptures higher;
Thee deſcending on a cloud,
When with raviſh'd eyes I ſee,
Then ſhall I be fill'd with God
To all eternity.

HYMN 14. [*Triumph.*

REJOICE evermore, With angels above,
In Jeſus's power, In Jeſus's love;
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble haſt been:
Haſt ſav'd us from grief, Haſt ſav'd us from ſin
The power of thy Spirit Hath ſet our hearts free,
And now we inherit All fulneſs in Thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace, All fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs, That never ſhall cloy;
To us it is given, In Jeſus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

4 No longer we join, While ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine Their brutiſh delight:

Their joy is all ſadneſs, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs, Their pleaſure is pain.

5 O might they at laſt With ſorrow return
The pleaſures to taſte, For which they were born;
Our Jeſus receiving, Our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love.

Hymn 15. [*Wenvo.* C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below?
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And every ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys, and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Hymn 16. [*Dedication.* 6 L. 7's.

1 WEARY ſouls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliſs,
Turn to Jeſus crucified,
Fly to thoſe dear wounds of his:

Sink into the purple flood:
Riſe into the life of God!

2 Find in Chriſt the way of peace,
Peace unſpeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you eaſe,
Life by his expiring groan!
Riſe exalted by his fall,
Find in Chriſt your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the univerſal bliſs,
Bliſs for every ſoul deſign'd:
God's original promiſe this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Bleſt in Chriſt this moment be!
Bleſt to all eternity!

HYMN 17. [*Fetter-Lane.* C. M.

2. *Deſcribing the Goodneſs of God.*

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree!
How vaſt the love that him inclin'd
To bleed, and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ranſom's paid,
"Receive my ſoul," he cries!
See, where he bows his ſacred head!
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But ſoon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory ſhine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 18. [*Eveſham.* L. M.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring,
I could for ever think and ſing:
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive:
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis given!
Aſk, and he turns your hell to heaven!
Though ſin and ſorrow wound my ſoul,
Jeſu, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To ſhame our ſins he bluſh'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to ſhew us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God ſuch love could ſhow.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I ſhed my tears, and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Inſatiate to the ſpring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who againſt thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

HYMN 19. [*Irene.* 2 6's. & 4 7's.

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!

Thou my pain, my curſe haſt took,
All my ſins were laid on thee;
Help me, Lord, to thee I look:
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 To love is all my wiſh,
I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's deſire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

3 Thy power I pant to prove
Rooted and fix'd in love:
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wiſe to fathom things divine;
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy ſaints below;
Swells my ſoul to compaſs thee;
Gaſps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immers'd and loſt in love!

HYMN 20. [*Welſh.* 6 8's.

1 O Love divine! what haſt thou done?
Th' immortal God hath died for me?
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree;
Th' immortal God for me hath died,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, ſee, ye worms, your Maker die,
And ſay, was ever grief like his!

Come, feel me with his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified:
3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jeſu's blood:
Pardon for all flows from his ſide:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
4 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream:
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think, or ſpeak beſide,—
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

HYMN 21. [*Paſſion.*

1 O God of all grace
Thy goodneſs we praiſe,
Thy Son thou haſt given to die in our place:
With joy we approve
The deſign of thy love,
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.
2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-Man,
Which the angels deſire to look into in vain:
It dazzles our eyes,
Thought cannot ariſe,
To find out a cauſe why the Infinite dies.
3 Or, if pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what ſeraph can find?
He came from above
Our curſe to remove,
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, becauſe he would love.

4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely, [why;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us ſo well,
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He hath ranſom'd our race,
O how ſhall we praiſe,
Or worthily ſing thy unſpeakable grace:
Nothing elſe will we know,
In our journey below,
But ſinging thy grace, to thy paradiſe go.

6 Nay, and when we remove
To the manſions above,
Our heaven ſhall ſtill be to ſing of thy love.
When time is no more,
We ſtill ſhall adore
The ocean of love, without bottom or ſhore.

7 Ere long we ſhall fly,
To the regions on high,
For Iſrael's ſtrength cannot vary or lie;
He ſoon ſhall appear,
He more than draws near.
Our Jeſus is come, and eternity's here.

HYMN 22. [*Miſs Edwin's.*

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind;
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus, tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found;
No other name is given,
By which we can ſalvation have,
For Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus, harmonious name!
It charms the hoſt above!
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heaven to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the ſcorpion ſin,
My poor expiring ſoul
The balmy ſound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave a fallen race:
What ſhall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind haſt done!

7 O for a trumpet's voice
On all the world to call,

To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all, my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

8 To ſerve thy bleſſed will,
Thy dying love to praiſe,
Thy counſel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace,
Freely, what I receive, to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

Hymn 23. [*Mitcham.*

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy bleſſing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcaſts in, and ſave
From ſin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of ſouls, thou know'ſt to prize
What thou haſt bought ſo dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confeſt
The ſuffering Son of God;
And let us ſee thee in thy veſt
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The ſtony from our hearts remove,
Thou who for all haſt died:
Shew us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy ſide.

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree
To trample down our ſin:
Thy hands ſtretch'd out, we all may ſee
To take thy murd'rers in.

7 Thy ſide an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living ſtreams of bliſs,
And waſh them white as ſnow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to' apply,
And prove the record true:
And all thy wounds to ſinners cry,
"I ſuffer'd this for you!"

HYMN 24. [*St. Paul's.* C. M.

1 LOVERS of pleaſure more than God,
For you he ſuffer'd pain!
Swearers, for you he ſpilt his blood;
And ſhall he bleed in vain?

2 Miſers, his life for you he paid,
Your baſeſt crime he bore:
Drunkards, your ſins on him were laid,
That ye might ſin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That ye might come to heaven,
Believe, believe in Jeſu's name,
And all your ſins' forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee,
And ſure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy ſoul is free,
And thou art juſtified.

HYMN 25. [*Paſſion.*

1 AH tell me no more
Of this world's vain ſtore,
The time for ſuch trifles with me now is o'er;

A country I've found
Where true joys abound, [ground.
To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy

2 The ſouls that believe,
In paradiſe live,
And me in that number will Jeſus receive:
My ſoul don't delay,
He calls thee away, [day.
Riſe, follow thy Saviour, and bleſs the glad

3 No mortal doth know
What he can beſtow, [him, go;
What light, ſtrength, and comfort: go after
Lo, onward I move,
To a country above, [prove.
None gueſſes how wond'rous my journey will

4 Great ſpoils I ſhall win,
From death, hell, and ſin, [within.
Midſt outward afflictions ſhall feel Chriſt
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

HYMN 26. [*Leeds.* C. M.

1 JESUS, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or ſky:
Angels and men before it fall:
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jeſus, the name to ſinners dear;
The name to ſinners given,
It ſcatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jeſus the priſoner's fetters breaks,
And bruiſes Satan's head:

Power into ſtrengthleſs ſouls it ſpeaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taſte and ſee
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love, that compaſs me,
Wou'd all mankind embrace.

5 O that my Jeſu's heavenly charms
Might every boſom move?
Fly, ſinners, fly into thoſe arms
Of everlaſting love.

6 His only righteouſneſs I ſhow,
His ſaving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my buſineſs here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

7 Happy, if with my lateſt breath
I may but gaſp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold! behold the Lamb!"

HYMN 27. [*Birſtal.* C. M.

3. *Deſcribing Death.*

1 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch, that ends the night
Before the riſing ſun.

5 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

6 Time like an ever rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come:
Be thou our guard, while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

Hymn 28. [*Birſtal.* C. M.

1 THEE, we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe;
And every beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave;

4 Dangers ſtand thick through all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb;

And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great GOD, on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtate of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

6 Infinite joy or endleſs woe
Attend on every breath!
And yet, how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our ſouls are hurried hence,
May they be found with GOD.

HYMN 29. [*Fetter-Lane.* C. M.

1 WHEN riſing from the bed of death
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought!
My ſoul with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought!

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhall ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere;
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear!

4 O may my broken contrite heart
Timely my ſins lament;
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent!

5 Behold the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.
6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair,
Her pardon to ſecure,
Who knows thy only Son hath died,
To make that pardon ſure.

HYMN 30. [*Lampe's.* S. M.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And muſt my trembling ſpirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepeſt ſhade,
Unpierc'd by human thought
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happineſs or woe
Muſt then my portion be:
Wak'd by the trumpet's ſound,
I from my grave ſhall riſe,
And ſee the Judge with glory crown'd,
And ſee the flaming ſkies!
3 How ſhall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom?
A curſe, or bleſſing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my ſoul away
To meet its ſentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt,
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

5 O thou that wou'dst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who died thyself my soul to save
From endless misery!
Shew me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe:
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!

6 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode
To all eternity.

HYMN 31. [*Snowsfields.* 4--6's. & 2--

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind repri

And props the houſe of clay;
My ſole concern, my ſingle care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Againſt that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life ſo ſoon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind muſt ſtand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter, which my thoughts employ,
A moment's miſery or joy;
But Oh! when both ſhall end,
Where ſhall I find my deſtin'd place?
Shall I my everlaſting days
With fiends or angels ſpend!

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may eſcape the death,
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election ſure,
And, when I fail on earth, ſecure
A manſion in the ſkies!

6 Jeſu, vouchſafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happineſs!
Ah, write the pardon on my heart!
And, whenſoe'er I hence depart
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN 32. [*New-Year's-Day.*

1 COME, let us anew, Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year;
And never ſtand ſtill, Till the Maſter appear

1 His adorable will, Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream, Our time as a ſtream
Glides ſwiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone:
The millennial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may ſay
I have fought my way through;
I have finiſh'd the work thou didſt give me to do:
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne.

Hymn 33. [*Funeral.*

1 Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What ſight upon earth is ſo fair!
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe, when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind!
How eaſy the ſoul, that has left
This wearifome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now;
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henceforward or ſhame
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

4 This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain!
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

5 The lids he ſo ſeldom cou'd cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep!
The fountain can yield no ſupplies:
Theſe hollows from water are free:
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

6 To mourn, and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon I breathe:
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb.

HYMN 34. [*Epworth.*

1 HAPPY ſoul, thy days are ended:
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the ſight of Jeſus go.

2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo! the Saviour ſtands above;
Shews the purchaſe of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy lateſt paſſion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breaſt;
To his uttermoſt ſalvation,
To his everlaſting reſt.

4 For the joy he ſets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 35. [*Triumph.*

'TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done! The Spirit is fled:
The priſoner is gone, The chriſtian is dead;
The Chriſtian is living Through Jeſus's love,
And gladly receiving A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe Are Jeſus's due:
Supported by grace, He fought his way through:
Triumphantly glorious, Through Jeſus's zeal,
And more than victorious O'er ſin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record The conquering name;
Our Captain and Lord With ſhouting proclaim;
Who truſt in his paſſion, And follow our Head,
To certain ſalvation We all ſhall be led.

4 O Jeſus! lead on Thy militant care;
And give us the crown Of righteouſneſs there

Where dazzled with glory The Seraphim gaze;
Or proſtrate adore thee In ſilence of praiſe.

3 Come, Lord, and diſplay Thy ſign in the ſky:
And bear us away To manſions on high:
The kingdom be given, The purchaſe divine;
And crown us in heaven Eternally thine.

HYMN 36. [*Thou Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loſs is his infinite gain;
A ſoul out of priſon releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With ſongs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his ſpirit above:
Eſcap'd to the manſions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempeſt and wind;
His reſt he hath ſooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind:
Still toſs'd on a ſea of diſtreſs,
Hard toiling to make the bleſt ſhore
Where all is aſſurance and peace,
And ſorrow and ſin are no more.

3 There all the ſhip's company meet,
Who ſail'd with the Saviour beneath:
With ſhouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is paſt,
The age, that in heaven they ſpend,
For ever and ever ſhall laſt.

Hymn 37. [*Sion.*

1 HOSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest;
Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:
The soul of our sister is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 What fulness of rapture is there,
While Jesus his glory displays;
And purples the heavenly air,
And scatters the odours of grace!
He looks — and his servants in light
The blessing ineffable meet;
He smiles — and they faint at the sight,
And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

3 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name:
The saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly
Who first shall be summon'd away —
My merciful God — Is it I?

4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I shou'd depart;
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wou'dst have me remove;
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN 38. [*Hamilton's.*

1 HAPPY who in Jeſus live,
But happier ſtill are they,
Who to God their ſpirits give,
And 'ſcape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'ſt the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'ſt the praying ſigh:
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die.

2 Yet, if ſo thy will ordain
For our companions good:
Let us in the fleſh remain,
And meekly bear the load.
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our works have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And ſharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wiſe and gracious will,
We quietly ſubmit:
Waiting for redemption ſtill,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the bleſſing give,
Call us up thy face to ſee;
Only let thy ſervants live,
And let us die to thee.

HYMN 39. [*Wedneſbury.* C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body faint,
And let it faint and die:
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembodied ſaints,
And find its long ſought reſt;

That only bliſs for which it pants,
On the Redemer's breaſt.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain;
I ſuffer on my threeſcore years,
Till my Deliverer come;
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jeſus bought for me;
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of paradiſe;
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there!
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my ſufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd hoſt to' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again:
In that eternal day.

2. *Deſcribing Judgment.*

HYMN 40. [*Olney.* S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whoſe bar ſevere:
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all ſhall ſoon appear:

Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found,
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we all insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

HYMN 41. [*Epworth.*

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,

Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own,
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God come down.

HYMN 42. [*Judgment.*

1 HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
"See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
"Girt with omnipotence and grace,
"And glory decks the Saviour's face!"

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own

The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 43. [*Wood's.* 4--8's. & 2--6's.

1 THOU God of glorious majeſty,
To thee, againſt myſelf, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
A half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas I ſtand,
Secure, inſenſible;
A point of time, a moment's ſpace
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ſhuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmoſt ſoul convert:
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteouſneſs.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
Ah tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great buſineſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and fear
Eternal bliſs to' enſure:
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my ſoul receive,
Tranſported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full, ſupreme delight,
And everlaſting love.

HYMN 44. [*Kingswood.*

1 STAND the' omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to ſee,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth diſſolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the juſt:
Let thoſe ponderous orbs deſcend,
And grind us into duſt.

2 Reſts ſecure the righteous man
At his Redeemer's beck;
Sure to' emerge, and riſe again,
And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly ſpirit towers,
Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire:

3 Nothing hath the juſt to loſe
By worlds on worlds deſtroy'd:
Far beneath his feet he views
With ſmiles the flaming void;

Sees this univerſe renew'd,
The grand millennial year begun;
Shouts with all the ſons of God,
Around the' eternal throne!

4 Reſting in this glorious hope,
To be at laſt reſtor'd?
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or ſword:
Liſtening for the call divine,
The lateſt trumpet of the ſeven;
Soon our ſoul and duſt ſhall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

5. *Deſcribing Heaven.*

HYMN 45. [*Weſt-Street.* 2--6's. & 4--7's.

1 HOW weak the thoughts and vain,
Of ſelf-deluded men!
Men, who fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houſes ſhall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their diſtant heirs ſecure!

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation ſhock?
Though the ſhattered earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A houſe we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the gen'ral ruin ſure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies,
Built immoveably ſecure,
Built eternal in the ſkies.

4 High on Immanuel's land,
We ſee the fabric ſtand!
From a tott'ring world remove
To our ſtedfaſt manſion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot paſs from heir to heir.

5 Thoſe amaranthine bowers,
Unalienably ours,
Blooms, our infinite reward;
Riſe, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepar'd,
Purchas'd by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
The place for us deſign'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here!
Let the ſhadows flee away!
Let the new made world appear!

7 High on thy great white throne,
O King of ſaints, come down!
In the New Jernſalem
Now triumphantly deſcend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun, that ne'er ſhall end.

HYMN 46. [*Funeral.*

1 I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above!
The King in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I languiſh and ſigh to be there,
Where Jeſus hath fixt his abode:
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion ſhall ſtand,
(For Jeſus hath ſpoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when on thy boſom reclin'd,
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people, that dwell
Secure in the city above:
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give;
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN 47. [23d *Pſalm.* 6--8's.

1 LEADER of faithful ſouls, and guide
Of all that travel to the ſky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who wou'd on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our ſpirits ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
And haſten through the vale of woe,
And reſtleſs to behold thy face;
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight;

Thither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the plains of light;
Jeruſalem, the ſaints' abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we caſt behind:
From ſtrength to ſtrength we travel on
The New Jeruſalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jeruſalem.

5 Thro' thee, who all our ſins haſt borne,
Freely and graciouſly forgiven,
With ſongs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King:
We find it nearer, while we ſing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd;
The church of the firſt-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads ariſe,
And meet our Captain in the ſkies.

6. *Deſcribing Hell.*

HYMN 48. [*Burford.* C. M.

1 TERRIBLE thought! ſhall I alone,
Who may be ſav'd, ſhall I
Of all alas! whom I have known,
Through ſin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A bleſſing to receive;

3 Shall I, amidſt a ghaſtly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-ſeat,
Far on the left with horror ſtand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 While they enjoy his heavenly love,
Muſt I in torments dwell?
And howl, (while they ſing hymns above,)
And blow the flames of hell?

5 Ah! no: I ſtill may turn and live:
For ſtill his wrath delays;
He now vouchſafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

6 I will accept his offers now,
From every ſin depart;
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

7 I will improve, what I receive,
The grace through Jeſus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

§ 3. *Praying for a Bleſſing.*

HYMN 49. [*Bexley.* C. M.

1 THOU Son of God, whoſe flaming eyes
Our inmoſt thoughts perceive;
Accept the evening ſacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourſelves ſincere:
But ſhew us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worſhipper?

3 Is here a ſoul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A ſtranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His deſperate ſtate explain:
And fill his heart with ſacred grief
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the ſleeper riſe;
And bid his guilty conſcience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, What muſt be done
To ſave a wretch like me?
How ſhall a trembling ſinner ſhun
That endleſs miſery?

7 I muſt this inſtant now begin
Out of my ſleep to' awake:
And turn to God, and every ſin
Continually forſake.

8 I muſt for faith inceſſant cry,
And wreſtle, Lord, with thee:
I muſt be born again, or die
To all eternity.

HYMN 50. [*Aldrich.* C. M.

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break theſe hearts of ſtone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our fooliſhneſs to mourn:
And turn at once from every ſin,
And to our Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day:
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state thro' sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

PART II.

CONVINCING.

§ 1. *Describing formal Religion.*

HYMN 51. [*Wenvo.* C. M.

1 LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with the' aſſembly join,
And near thy altar drew:
A form of godlineſs was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I reſted in the outward law;
Nor knew its deep deſign;
The length and breadth I never ſaw,
And height of love divine.

4 To pleaſe thee thus, at length I ſee,
Vainly I hop'd and ſtrove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unleſs they ſpring from love?

5 I ſee thy perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full conſent, our whole deſires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boaſt,
Of means an idol made!
The ſpirit in the letter loſt,
The ſubſtance in the ſhade!

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakneſs do?
Jeſus, to thee my ſoul looks up:
'Tis thou muſt make it new.

HYMN 52. [*Brook's.* C. M.

1 STILL for thy loving-kindneſs, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:

Silent I ſtand before thy face,
And hear thee ſay, "Be ſtill!"

3 "Be ſtill! and know, that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And ſpread its praiſe below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve!
The veil of outward things paſs through,
And gaſp in thee to live.

5 I work: and own the labour vain:
And thus from works I ceaſe:
I ſtrive; and ſee my fruitleſs pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitleſs, till thou thyſelf impart,
Muſt all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a ſinful heart,
They cannot purchaſe love.

7 I do the thing, thy laws enjoin,
And then the ſtrife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole reſign,
I truſt in means no more.

8 I truſt in him, who ſtands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jeſu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee!

§ 2. *Deſcribing inward Religion.*

HYMN 53. [*Snowsfields.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

1 THOU great myſterious God unknown,
Whoſe love has gently led me on,
Ev'n from my infant days;

Mine inmoſt ſoul expoſe to view,
And tell me, if I never knew
Thy juſtifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with a heart ſincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the farther grace beſtow,
And let my ſprinkled conſcience know
Thy ſweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I wou'd not ſtop,
A ſtranger to the goſpel-hope,
A ſenſe of ſin forgiven;
I wou'd not, Lord, my ſoul deceive,
Without thy inward witneſs live,
That antepaſt of heaven.

4 If now the Witneſs were in me,
Wou'd he not teſtify of thee,
In Jeſus reconcil'd?
And ſhou'd I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly "Abba, Father, cry,
I know myſelf thy child?"

5 Ah! never let thy ſervant reſt,
Till of my part in Chriſt poſſeſt,
I on thy mercy feed;
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obſtructs thy pardoning love,
Or ſin, or righteouſneſs remove,
Thy glory to diſplay;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now abſolve me from my ſins,
And take them all away.

HYMN 54. [*Kingswood.*

1 UPRIGHT both in heart and will
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creatures ſtray'd;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which firſt was fixt on God alone:
In ten thouſand objects ſought
The bliſs we loſt in one.

2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happineſs,
Draw us to thyſelf again,
And bid our wandrings ceaſe;
Jeſu, ſpeak our ſouls reſtor'd
By love's divine ſimplicity,
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly loſt in thee.

PART III.

§ 1. *Praying for Repentance.*

HYMN 55. [*Mourner's.* 6--8's.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs,
Whoſe goodneſs, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
To thee I look, my heart prepare:
Suggeſt, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myſelf I ſee
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;

Thy eyes muſt all my thoughts ſurvey,
Preventing what my lips wou'd ſay;
Thou ſeeſt my wants; for help they call,
And ere I ſpeak thou know'ſt them all.

3 Thou know'ſt the baſeneſs of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind!
Thou know'ſt how unſubdued my will,
Averſe to good, and prone to ill:
Thou know'ſt how wide my paſſions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain wou'd I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I ſee;
Fain wou'd I all my vileneſs own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Deteſt, and loathe myſelf and ſin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myſelf to feel,
My total miſery reveal;
Ah give me, Lord, (I ſtill would ſay,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My buſineſs this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer!

HYMN 56. [*Brentford.* S. M.

1 O That I cou'd repent!
O that I cou'd believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in ſunder cleave!
Thou by thy two-edg'd ſword
My ſoul and ſpirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my ſtubborn heart!

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace beſtow,

Unlooſe the bands of wickedneſs,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my ſins to feel,
And then my load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's ſake
The curſed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The priſoner of thy love;
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble ſoul,
And ſkreen me from my nature's power,
Till thou haſt made me whole.

4 This is thy will I know,
That I ſhou'd holy be,
Shou'd let my ſin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee;
O might I now embrace
Thy all-ſufficient power,
And never more to ſin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

HYMN 57. [*Calvary.*

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandring ſheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter, I
Wou'd fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace reſtor'd:
On me be all long-ſuffering ſhown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above
Repentance to impart,

Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

3 For thine own compaſſion's ſake
The gracious wonder ſhow:
Caſt my ſins behind thy back,
And waſh me white as ſnow:
If thy bowels now are ſtirr'd,
If now I wou'd myſelf bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die!
Life and happineſs and love
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

5 Look, as when thine eye purſued
The firſt apoſtate man:
Saw him weltring in his blood,
And bade him riſe again;
Speak my paradiſe reſtor'd
Redeem me by thy grace alone.
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

6 Look, as when thy pity ſaw
Thine own in a ſtrange land;
Forc'd to' obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:

Speak the ſoul-redeeming word:
And out of Egypt call thy ſon:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in diſtreſs:
Dry'd her tears, her pardon ſeal'd,
And bade her go in peace?
Foul like her, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live:
"Father," (at the point to die,)
My Saviour gaſp'd, "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done:"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'ſt my heart of ſtone!

§ 2. *For Mourners convinced of Sin.*

HYMN 58. [*Fetter-Lane.* C. M.

1 O Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe
With healing in thy wing:
To my diſeas'd my fainting ſoul,
Life and ſalvation bring.

2 Theſe clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thy all-piercing beam:
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind by thy all-quickning power
From low deſires let free

Unite my ſcatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long loſt ſon receive:
Saviour, thy purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

HYMN 59. [*Kingswood.*

1 LET the world their virtue boaſt,
Their works of righteouſneſs:
I, a wretch undone and loſt,
Am freely ſav'd by grace;
Other title I diſclaim,
This, only this is all my plea;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

2 Happy they whoſe joys abound
Like Jordan's ſwelling ſtream;
Who their heaven in Chriſt have found,
And give the praiſe to him;
Let them triumph in his Name,
Enjoy their full felicity;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

3 Bleſt are they, entirely bleſt,
Who can in him rejoice;
Lean on his beloved breaſt,
And hear the bridegroom's voice;
Meaneſt follower of the Lamb,
His ſteps I at a diſtance ſee?

I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

4 I like Gideon's fleece am found,
Unwatered ſtill and dry;
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the ſky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I can not give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead;
To bring fire on earth he came,
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

6 Jeſus, thou for me haſt died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I ſhall feel thy death applied,
I ſhall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this ſhall be all my plea,
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus died for me.

HYMN 60. [*Bexley.* C. M.

1 WHY ſhou'd the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, deſcend and bring
The tokens of thy grace?

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all thy ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heaven?

When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiven?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy bleſt wings celeſtial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

Hymn 61. [*Bexley.* C. M.

1 GOD is in this and every place:
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderneſs,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart!
Till he his glorious ſelf reveals,
The veil is on my heart!

3 O thou, who ſeeſt and know'ſt my grief
Thyſelf unſeen unknown,
Pity my helpleſs unbelief,
And take away the ſtone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-ſought bleſſing give:
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live.

5 A darker ſoul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore!
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never loſe him more.

6 Now Jeſus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad:
The middle wall of ſin remove,
And let me into God.

Hymn 62. [*Fetter-Lane.* C. M.

1 O That I cou'd my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem!
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I cou'd the bleſſing prove,
My heart's extreme deſire!
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 Mercy I aſk to ſeal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil ceaſe,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now my ſins remove;
And ſet my ſoul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In anſwer to ten thouſand prayers,
Thou pardoning God deſcend!
Number me with ſalvation's heirs,
My ſins and troubles end!

6 Nothing I aſk or want beſide,
Of all in earth or heaven:
But let me feel thy blood apply
And live and die forgiven.

Hymn 63. [*Athlone*. L. M.

1 O Thou that hear'ſt, when ſinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe from ſin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight;
Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt:
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pardoning God.

7 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my powers ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

§ 3. *For Mourners brought to the Birth.*

Hymn 64. [*Brockmer.* C. M.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompaſt round,
Whom angels dimly ſee;
Will the unſearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forſake his throne above,
Himſelf to worms impart?
Anſwer, thou man of grief and love,
And ſpeak it to my heart!

3 In manifeſted love explain
Thy wonderful deſign:
What meant the ſuffering Son of Man?
The ſtreaming blood divine?

4 Didſt thou not in our fleſh appear,
And live and die below;
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my ſoul reveal
The heights and depths of grace:
The wounds, which all my ſorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.

6 Before my eyes of faith conſeſt,
Stand forth a ſlaughtered Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimſon veſt,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy perſon ſhow,
Jehovah crucify'd;
And then the pard'ning God I know
And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly ſee:
And gaze, tranſported at the ſight,
To all eternity.

HYMN 65. [*Mourner's.* 6--8's.

1 JESU, if ſtill the ſame thou art,
If all thy promiſes are ſure;
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor;
To me be all thy treaſures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou haſt pronounc'd the mourners bleſt
And lo! for thee, I ever mourn;
I cannot; no, I will not reſt,
Till thou my only reſt return;
Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the bleſſedneſs beſtow'd
On all, that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirſt for God!
See, the poor fainting ſinner ſee:
And ſatisfy with endleſs peace,
And fill me with thy righteouſneſs.

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that ſigh,
Then hear thyſelf within me pray:
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark, what my labouring ſoul wou'd ſay
Anſwer the deep unuttered groan,
And ſhew, that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, diſperſe the gloom;
Light in thy light I then ſhall ſee:
Say to my ſoul, "Thy light is come,
"Glory divine is riſen on thee:

" Thy warfare's paſt, thy mourning's o'er,
" Look up, for thou ſhalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promiſe ſure,
And truſt, thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and ſorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myſelf I ſtay:
Into thy hands my all reſign,
And wait, till all thou art is mine.

HYMN 66. [*St. Paul's.* C. M.

1 JESUS, if ſtill thou art to-day
As yeſterday the ſame:
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name!

2 If ſtill thou goeſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good:
On me, that I thy praiſe may ſhow,
Be all thy wonders ſhew'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat:
With pitying eye behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine, can make me clean.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear:
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hands
And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent (alas! thou knoweſt how long,)
My voice, I cannot raiſe:

But, O, when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

7 Lame at the pool I ſtill am found;
Give, and my ſtrength employ;
Light as a hart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot ſee,
The ſinfulneſs of ſin.

9 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by:
O let me find thee near!
Jeſus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee the heavenly light:
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
"Sinner, receive thy ſight!"

Hymn 67. [*Wenvo.* C. M.

1 WHILE dead in treſpaſſes I lie,
Thy quickning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.

2 While, full of anguiſh and diſeaſe,
My weak, diſtemper'd ſoul,
Thy love compaſſionately ſees,
O let it make me whole.

3 While torn by helliſh pride, I cry,
By legion-luſt poſſeſt;
Son of the living God draw nigh,
And ſpeak me into reſt!

4 Caſt out thy foes, and let them ſtill
To Jeſu's name ſubmit:
Clothe with thy righteouſneſs, and heal
And place me at thy feet.

5 To Jeſu's name if all things now
A trembling homage pay;
O let my ſtubborn ſpirit bow,
My ſtiff-neck'd will obey.

6 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind;
And ſick and poor I am;
But ſure a remedy to find
For all in Jeſu's name.

7 I know in thee all fulneſs dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my ſpirit feels,
And break off every chain.

8 If thou impart thyſelf to me,
No other good I need:
If thou the Son ſhalt make me free,
I ſhall be free indeed.

9 I cannot reſt, till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou thro' whom I come to God,
Canſt to the utmoſt ſave.

10 From ſin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my ſoul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain:
My faith ſhall make me whole.

11 I too with thee ſhall walk in white,
With all thy ſaints ſhall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN 68. [*Lampe's.* S. M.

1 WHEN ſhall thy love conſtrain,
And force me to thy breaſt?
When ſhall my ſoul return again
To her eternal reſt?
Ah! what avails my ſtrife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou haſt the words of endleſs life,
Ah! whither ſhould I go?

2 Thy condeſcending grace
To me did ſwiftly move:
It calls me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And ſtoops to aſk my love,
Lord, at thy feet I fall!
I groan to be ſet free:
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee!

3 To reſcue me from woe
Thou didſt with all things part;
Didſt lead a ſuffering life below
To gain my worthleſs heart.
My worthleſs heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in faſhion as a man,
And died a curſed death.

4 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my ſoul from earth away
For Jeſus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I ſink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!

5 Though late I all forſake
My friends, my all reſign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And ſeal me ever thine!
Come, and poſſeſs me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle, and fix my wavering ſoul
With all thy weight of love.

6 My one deſire be this,
Thy only love to know:
To ſeek, and taſte no other bliſs,
No other good below:
My life, my portion thou;
Thou all ſufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treaſure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

HYMN 69. [*Foundery. All 7's.*

1 DROOPING ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
Fearful ſoul, be ſtrong, be bold,
Tarry, till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold:
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not ſet thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming ſtay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting ſoul, be bold, be ſtrog
Wait the leiſure of thy Lord:
Though he ſeem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word:
On his word my ſoul I caſt,
(He can ne'er himſelf deny,)
Surely it ſhall ſpeak at laſt;
It ſhall ſpeak, and ſhall not lie.

3 Every one, that ſeeks ſhall find;
Every one, that aſks, ſhall have,
Chriſt, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to ſave:
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
I in faith on Jeſus call:
I from ſin ſhall be ſet free,
Perfectly ſet free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpleſs as I am:
Surely thou canſt make me ſtand,
I believe in Jeſu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou haſt ſav'd me heretofore:
Thou from ſin doſt ſave me now,
Thou ſhalt ſave me evermore.

HYMN 70 [*Chappel.* 2-6's. & 4-8's.

1 O Love divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirſt, I faint, I die to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unſearchable;
The firſt-born ſons of light
Deſire in vain its depths to ſee;
They cannot reach the myſtery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In this poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine;

This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I cou'd for ever ſit
With Mary at the Maſter's feet,
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliſs,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I cou'd with favour'd John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt!
From care, and ſin, and ſorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt.

HYMN 71. [112*th Pſalm.* 6--8's.

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt the juſt,
My friend and advocate with thee;
Pity a ſoul, that fain wou'd truſt
In him, who liv'd and died for me:
But only thou canſt make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If drawn by thy alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel:
Shew me in Chriſt thy ſmiling face,
What fleſh and blood can ne'er reveal;
Thy co-eternal Son diſplay,
And turn my darkneſs into day.

3 The gift unſpeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to ſhine;
To ſhine in my dark drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me!

HYMN 72. [*Lampe's.* S. M.

1 AH! whither ſhou'd I go,
Burden'd, and ſick, and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhow,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary ſinner home;
And yet from him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take,
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within:
Some idol, which I will not own;
Some ſecret boſom-ſin.

3 Jeſu, the hindrance ſhow,
Which I have fear'd to ſee;
Yet let me now conſent to know
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power diſplay;
Into its darkeſt corner ſhine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compaſſion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wou'd'ſt fain remove;
Remove it, and I ſhall declare
That God is only love.

HYMN 73. [*Fetter-Lane.* C. M.

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyſelf declare:
God, inacceſſible, unknown,
Regard a ſinner's prayer.

2 A ſinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurg'd and unforgiven:
Far diſtant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

3 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call:
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raiſe me from my fall.

4 The darkneſs which through thee I feel,
Thou only canſt remove:
Thy own eternal power reveal,
The Deity of Love!

5 Thou haſt in unbelief ſhut up,
That grace may let me go:
In hope, believing againſt hope,
I wait the truth to know.

6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound and oppreſt, yet thine I am,
The priſoner of the Lord.

7 I would not to thy foe ſubmit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the priſoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!

8 Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply;

And all my griefs at once ſhall ceaſe,
And all my ſins ſhall die.

9 Now, Lord, if thou art power, deſcend;
The mountain ſin remove:
My unbelief and troubles end
If thou art Truth and Love.

10 Speak, Jeſu, ſpeak into my heart,
What thou for me haſt done!
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own!

HYMN 74. [*Olney.* S. M.

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And ſhew thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
And ſet me up on high.
From hell's oppreſſive power
My ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;
And to thy Father's grace reſtore,
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteouſneſs
I make my only plea!
My preſent and eternal peace,
Are both deriv'd from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain flow,
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come then, impute, impart
To me thy righteouſneſs,
And let me taſte how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace:
That thou can'ſt here forgive,
Grant me to teſtify,

And juſtify'd by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

HYMN 75. [*Brentford.* S. M.

1 LO! in thy hands I lay,
And wait thy will to prove;
My Potter, ſtamp on me thy clay,
Thy only ſtamp of love!
Be this my whole deſire,
I know that it is thine!
Then kindle in my ſoul a fire,
Which ſhall for ever ſhine.

2 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert;
Thy image, love, thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart!
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my ſoul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Chriſt put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home:
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come!
Jeſus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move:
Behold in him, ye fallen race,
That God is only love.

HYMN 76. [*Paſſion. All* 10's.

1 O Jeſus my hope, For me offered up,
Who with clamour purſued thee to
Calvary's top.
The blood thou haſt ſhed, For me let it plead,
And declare thou haſt died in thy murderer's
ſtead.

2 Come then from above, My ſin to remove,
And vanquiſh my heart with the ſenſe of thy love:
Thy love on the tree Diſplay unto me,
And the ſervant of ſin in a moment is free.

3 Neither paſſion nor pride Thy croſs can abide,
But melt in the fountain, That ſtreams from thy ſide:
Let the wonderful flood Waſh off all my load,
And purge my foul conſcience, and bring me to God.

4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below!
Let it waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than ſnow.
Let it hallow my heart, And throughly convert;
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied, my weakneſs to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My advocate prove With the Father above,
And ſpeak me at laſt to the throne of thy love.

Hymn 77. [*Dreſden.* L. M.

1 STAY, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay
Tho' I have done thee ſuch deſpite;
Nor caſt the ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2 Though I have ſteel'd my ſtubborn heart,
And ſtill ſhook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart
For forty, long, rebellious years.

3 Though I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd:
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen;
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd,

4 Yet O! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honour of my great High-Prieſt;
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
To' exclude me from thy people's reſt.

5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove:
Nor leave me in my loſt eſtate,
Nor curſe me with this want of love.

6 From now my weary ſoul releaſe;
Upraiſe me with thy gracious hand:
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 78. [*Paſſion.*

1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the courſe of thy love:
My boſom inſpire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole ſoul, in the flames of deſire.

2 I languiſh and pine
For the comfort divine,
O when ſhall I ſay, "my Beloved is mine,
"I have choſe the good part,
"My portion thou art,"
O love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart ſighs,
Nothing elſe can ſuffice;
How, Lord, can I purchaſe the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought,
And thou know'ſt I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice ſay,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay:
Who on Jeſus relies,
Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveneſs and holineſs buys.

5 The bleſſing is free:
So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love ſhou'd be given to me.
I freely receive
What thou freely doſt give,
And conſent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praiſe,
And aſcribe my ſalvation to Jeſus's grace;
It comes from above,
The foretaſte I prove,
And I ſoon ſhall receive all thy fulneſs of love.

HYMN 79. [*Thou Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 COME, holy celeſtial Dove,
To viſit a ſorrowful breaſt!
My burthen of guilt to remove,
And bring me aſſurance and reſt!
Thou only haſt power to relieve
A ſinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The ſenſe of acceptance to give,
And ſprinkle his heart with the blood!

2 With me if of old thou haſt ſtrove,
And ſtrangely with-held from my ſin;
And tried by the lure of thy love
My worthleſs affections to win
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermoſt mercy exert;

And kindly continue to ſtrive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And ſigh'd from myſelf to get free;
And groan'd the unſpeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect deſire;
Thy peace to my conſcience reveal;
The ſenſe of thy favour inſpire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
Moſt pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again and reſtore;
My ſpirit in holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to ſuffer no more!

5 If now I lament after God,
And gaſp for a drop of thy love,
If Jeſus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
True witneſs of mercy divine:
And make me thy permanent home,
And ſeal me eternally thine!

§ 4. *Convinced of Backſliding.*

HYMN 80. [*Builth.*

Part the Firſt.

HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,

And have laid up their treaſure above!
Tongue cannot expreſs
The ſweet comfort and peace
Of a ſoul in its earlieſt love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine,
I firſt found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jeſus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Saviour to know:
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the ſtory repeat,
And the lover of ſinners adore.

4 Jeſus all the day long
Was my joy and my ſong:
O that all his ſalvation might ſee!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath ſuffer'd and died,
To redeem ſuch a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All ſin, and temptation, and pain;
I cou'd not believe
That I ever ſhou'd grieve,
That I ever ſhou'd ſuffer again.

6 I rode on the ſky,
Freely juſtify'd I!
Nor envied Elijah his ſeat;
My ſoul mounted higher

In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 Oh! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood:
Of my Saviour poſſeſt
I was perfectly bleſt,
As if fill'd with the fulneſs of God.

HYMN 81. [*Builth.* S. M.

Part the Second.

1 AH, where am I now!
Where was it or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace?
I am brought into thrall;
I am ſtript of my All!
I am baniſh'd from Jeſus's face.

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So inſenſibly ſtarting aſide;
When the tempter came in
With his own ſubtle ſin,
And infected my ſpirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too ſoon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vaniſhing out of my ſight;
My triumph and boaſt
On a ſudden were loſt,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4 Only pride could deſtroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart;

But whate'er was the cauſe,
I lament the ſad loſs,
For the veil is come over my heart.

5 Ah! wretch that I am;
I can only exclaim
Like a devil tormented within:
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and Sin.

6 Nothing now can relieve,
Without comfort I grieve,
I have loſt all my peace and my power:
No acceſs do I find
To the Friend of mankind:
I can aſk for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I ſee)
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Through a deſart of ſorrows I rove:
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jeſus's love!

9 I never ſhall riſe
To my firſt paradiſe,
Or come my Redeemer to ſee:
But I feel a faint hope
That at laſt he will ſtoop,
And his pity ſhall bring him to me.

HYMN 82. [*Funeral.*

1 HOW ſhall a loſt ſinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a ſecond releaſe?
Will mercy itſelf be ſo kind
To ſpare ſuch a rebel as me?
And, O! can I poſſibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee!

2 O Jeſus, of thee I enquire,
If ſtill thou art able to ſave;
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ranſom my ſoul from the grave:
The help of thy Spirit reſtore,
And ſhew me the life-giving blood;
And pardon a ſinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jeſus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a loſt ſoul:
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole:
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou ſeeſt the ſore anguiſh I feel)
Save, Lord, or I periſh, I die,
O ſave, or I ſink into hell!

4 I ſink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to ſhow:
Come quickly, and kindly diſplay
The power of thy paſſion below;
By all thou haſt done for my ſake,
One drop of thy blood I implore;
Now now let it touch me, and make
The ſinner, a ſinner no more!

HYMN 83. [*Funeral.*

1 HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When Jeſus no longer I ſee:
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flowers,
Have all loſt their ſweetneſs with me:
The midſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

2 His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhou'd, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer wou d laſt all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſign'd;
No changes of ſeaſon or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bleſs'd with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy wou'd appear:
And priſons wou'd palaces prove,
If Jeſus wou'd dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong!
Say, why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from the ſky,
Thy ſoul-cheering preſence reſtore:
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 84. [*Marienbourn.* 6-8's.

1 O 'Tis enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wand'ring's o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleneſs no more:
No more thy ling'ring anger move,
Or ſin againſt thy light and love.

2 Jeſus, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all to me be ſhown!
On me, the chief of ſinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan
Me to thy Father's grace reſtore;
Nor ever let me grieve thee more.

3 Fountain of unexhauſted love,
Of infinite compaſſion, hear:
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear!
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
O let me turn again, and live!

HYMN 85. [*Pudſey.* L. M.

1 THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canſt thyſelf forget:
Thy laſt myſterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody ſweat!

2 When wreſtling in the ſtrength of prayer
The Spirit ſunk beneath its load;
The feeble fleſh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee ſo,
Regard my fearful heart's deſire!
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my ſins expire,

4 I tremble, leſt the wrath divine,
Which bruiſes now my wretched ſoul,
Shou'd bruiſe this wretched ſoul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my laſt diſtreſs I bring!
The heighten'd fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandiſhing his ſting,
Appears, and hell is cloſe behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endleſs baniſhment from thee:
O ſave, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

§ 5. *For Mourners Recovered.*

HYMN 86. [*Dedication.* 6-7's.

1 JESUS, Shepherd of the ſheep,
Pity my unſettled ſoul!
Guide and nouriſh me, and keep,
Till thy love ſhall make me whole;
Give me perfect ſoundneſs, give,
Make me ſtedfaſtly believe.

2 I am never at one ſtay!
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art as yeſterday,
Now and evermore the ſame:
Conſtancy to me impart,
'Stabliſh with thy grace my heart.

3 Lay thy weighty croſs on me,
All my unbelief controul:
Till the rebel ceaſe to be,
Keep him down within my ſoul
That he never more may move,
Root and ground me faſt in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough ſea:
Holy, purifying hope
Still my ſoul's ſure anchor be:
That I may be always thine
Perfect me in love divine.

HYMN 87. [*Cary's.* 6-8's.

1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jeſus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of ſin,
Yet once again I ſeek thy face;
Open thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backſlidings heal,
And love the faithleſs ſinner ſtill.

3 Thou know'ſt the way to bring me back,
My fallen ſpirit to reſtore:
Oh for thy truth and mercy's ſake
Forgive, and bid me ſin no more;
The ruins of my ſoul repair,
And make my heart a houſe of prayer.

4 The ſtone to fleſh again convert!
The veil of ſin once more remove!
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love ſubdue,
And make it ſoft, and make it new.

6 Give to my eyes refreſhing tears,
And kindle my relentings now:

Fill all my ſoul with filial fears,
To thy ſweet yoke my ſpirit bow!
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
The iron-ſinew in my neck.

6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of ſin!
A godly fear of ſin impart;
Implant and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to' offend thee more.

HYMN 88. [*Kingswood.*

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And giv'n me back thy hope:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving kindneſs ſhow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour ſtand
In fierce temptation's hour:
Save me with thine out-ſtretch'd hand,
And ſhew forth all thy power:
Oh! be mindful of thy word,
Thy all-ſufficient grace beſtow:
Keep me, &c.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart.
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd,
Till thou deſtroy the tyrant foe;
Keep me, &c.

4 Never let me leave thy breaſt,
From thee, my Saviour, ſtray,
Thou art my ſupport and reſt,
My true and living way:
My exceeding great reward
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

HYMN 89. [*Kingswood.*

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Doſt thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are:
Beneath their weight I cannot move
Oh! 'tis more than I can bear,
The ſenſe of pardoning love.

2 Let it ſtill my heart conſtrain,
And all my paſſions ſway;
Keep me, leſt I turn again
Out of the narrow way:
Force my violence to be ſtill,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy ſweet return to feel;
If even now I find thy power
Preſent my ſoul to heal;
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor ſtruggle out of thine embrace;
Never more reſiſt, or fly
From thy purſuing grace.

4 To the croſs, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom never let me find
From my dear Lord to move:
That I never, never more
May with my much-lov'd Maſter part;
To the poſts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helpleſſneſs,
And leave me not alone:
O preſerve in perfect peace,
And ſeal me for thine own:
More and more, thyſelf reveal,
Thy preſence let me always find:
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, ſin-ſick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakeſt ſervant keep:
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep.
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven:
Much of love I ought to know;
For I have much forgiven.

PART IV.

§ 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.*

HYMN 90. [*Trumpet.* 4--6's. & 2--8's.

1 THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;

Who lengthens out our trials here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumber'd long the ground:
No fruits of holineſs
On our dead ſouls were found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another, and another year.

3 When juſtice bar'd the ſword,
To cut the fig-tree down;
The pity of our Lord,
Cried, "Let it ſtill alone;"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4 Jeſus, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace;
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace;
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound;
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 91. [*Tallis.* All 10's.

O What ſhall I do, My Saviour to praiſe,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So ſtrong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakeſt believer, That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man, Whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee?
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking Of Jeſus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name,
They ſhall as their right Thy righteouſneſs claim;
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, And cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in The preſence of God.

4 For thou art their boaſt, Their glory and power;
And I alſo truſt To ſee the glad hour,
My ſoul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For Jeſus my Lord Is now my defence;
I truſt in his word, None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do,
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee The bliſs of thine own,
Thy ſecret to me ſhall ſoon be made known:
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs Of all that believe.

HYMN 92. [*Hamilton.*

1 OFT I in my heart have ſaid,
Who ſhall aſcend on high,
Mount to Chriſt my glorious head,
And bring him from the ſky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I ſhall find him there,
Where the angels praiſe their King,
And gain the morning-ſtar.

2 Oft I in my heart have ſaid,
Who to the deep ſhall ſtoop,

Sink with Chriſt among the dead
From thence to bring him up?
Cou'd I but my heart prepare
By unfeign'd humility.
Chriſt wou'd quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteouſneſs of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes (it ſaith,
While Chriſt to me it brings,)
"Chriſt is ready to impart
"Life to all, for life who ſigh;
"In thy mouth and in thy heart
"The word is ever nigh."

HYMN 93. *Foumon.* 4-5's. & 2-8's.

1 ARISE, my ſoul, ariſe,
Shake off thy guilty fears:
The bleeding ſacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety ſtands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And ſprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They ſtrongly ſpeak for me!

" Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
" Nor let that ranſom'd ſinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The preſence of his Son:
His Spirit anſwers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

HYMN 94. [*Old German.*

MY God I am thine: What a comfort divine,
What a bleſſing to know that my Jeſus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the ſound of his name.

2 True pleaſures abound In the rapturous ſound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradiſe found.
My Jeſus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlaſting, 'tis heaven below!

3 Yet onward I haſte To the heavenly feaſt;
That, that is the fulneſs; but this is the taſte:
And this I ſhall prove, Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jeſus's love.

HYMN 95. [*Hotham.*

1 JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is,

By his death to life reſtor'd,
Miſery we exchange for bliſs.
Bliſs by carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers known,
Glorious and unſpeakable.

2 Chriſt, our Brother and our Friend,
Shews us his eternal love;
Never ſhall our triumphs end,
Till we take our ſeats above.—
Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal-day prepare,
For our partnerſhip in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

HYMN 96. [*Dying Stephen.*

1 HEAD of thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bleſt anticipation:
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing through the fire,
Thy love we praiſe,
In grateful lays,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour:

The love divine
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou doſt conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation!
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with ſin and Satan,
In vain our march oppoſes:
By thee we ſhall
Break through them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

4 By faith, we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us:
The croſs deſpiſe
For that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand,
At God's right-hand,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 97. [*Corniſh.* C. M.

1 COME let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was ſlain or us.

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And bleſſings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

5 O might I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 98. [*Birmingham.* 6-8's.

1 THEE will I love my ſtrength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

2 Ah! why did I ſo late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the ſons of men?
Ah! why did I no ſooner go
To thee, the only eaſe in pain?
Aſham'd I ſigh and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3 In darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd:
I ſought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:
Far wide my wandering thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd;
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have ſhin'd;
I thank thee, who haſt overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whoſe enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray;
Strengthen my feet with ſteady pace
Still to preſs forward in thy way:
My ſoul and fleſh, O Lord of might,
Fill, ſatiate with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreſhing tears,
Give to my heart chaſte hallow'd fires:
Give to my ſoul with filial fears
The love that all heaven's hoſt inſpires:
That all my powers with all their might
In thy ſole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God:
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Or ſmile, thy ſceptre or thy rod:
What though my fleſh and heart decay?
Thee ſhall I love in endleſs day!

HYMN 99. [*Eveſham.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim
Be thou my hope, my joy, my reſt!
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look:
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even life itſelf without thy love,
No laſting pleaſures can afford:
Yea, 'twou'd a tireſome burthen prove,
If I were baniſh'd from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And ſpend the remnant of my days.

HYMN 100. [*Corniſh.* C. M.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe:
All praiſe to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs,
Whoſe providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill continued care,
To thee, preſenting through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are;
Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhow
The wonders of thy love;
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go
To ſee thy face above.

3 Our reſidue of days and hours,
Thine, wholly thine, ſhall be;

And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:
Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
To saints on earth forgiven;
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 101. [*Trumpet.* 4--6's. & 2--8's

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

2 Jesus our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad:
The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year, &c.

5 Ye who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love!
The year, &c.

6 The goſpel-trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And ſav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

HYMN 102. [*Dreſden.* L. M.

1 HE dies, the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him, who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richeſt blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
Jeſus, the dead, revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb:
(In vain the tomb forbids his riſe)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains.
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"where's thy ſting!
And where's thy victory, O grave?"

HYMN 103. [*Corniſh.* C. M.

1 INFINITE, unexhauſted love!
Jeſus and love are one:
If ſtill to me thy bowels move,
They are reſtrain'd to none.

2 What ſhall I do my God to love!
My loving God to praiſe!
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of ſovereign grace?

3 Thy ſovereign grace to all extends,
Immenſe and unconfin'd:
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known:
Wide as infinity!
So wide it never paſs'd by one,
Or it had paſs'd by me.

5 My treſpaſs was grown up to heaven:
But far above the ſkies,
Thro' Chriſt abundantly forgiven,
I ſee thy mercies riſe!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmoſt prove
The gift unſpeakable!

7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence,
Deeper than inbred ſin:
Jeſus's love my heart ſhall cleanſe,
When Jeſus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Poſſeſſion of thine own!
My longing heart vouchſafe to make
Thine everlaſting throne;

9 Aſſert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above:
And ſink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN 104. [*Zion.*

1 ALL glory to God in the ſky,
And peace upon earth be reſtor'd!
O Jeſus exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Did'ſt ſtoop to redeem a loſt race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our fleſh didſt appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth:
Aroſe the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth;
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bleſs
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.

3 O would'ſt thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit deſcend:
And ſet up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never ſhall end.
Thou only art able to bleſs,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity ceaſe,
And bow the whole world to thy ſway.

4 Come then to thy ſervants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;

Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy eſtabliſh below:
All ſorrow before thee ſhall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice ſhall die,
And diſcord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war,
Shall break our eternal repoſe:
No ſound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jeſus's ſpirit o'erflows:
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all ſhall in amity join;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a paſſion like thine.

Hymn 105. [*Brockmer.* C. M.

1 O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name.

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are ſung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'ſt the infant tongue
Thy boundleſs praiſe declare.

3 When heaven, thy glorious works on high,
Employ my wondering ſight:
The moon that nightly rules the ſky,
And ſtars of feebler light:

4 What's man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To them ſo wondrous kind?

HYMN 106. [*Corniſh.* C. M.

1 LET every tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſovereign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrengthning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrows bow the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath the proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and juſt are all thy ways,
And all thy works are truth.

4 Thou know'ſt the pains thy ſervants feel;
Thou hear'ſt thy children's cry;
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere:
Thou ſav'ſt the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
And ſpread thy fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.

HYMN 107. [113*th Pſalm.* 6--8's.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker, while I've breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the' oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Hymn 108. [*Kettleby's.* L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames:
He counts their number, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn:
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creatures ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, or warlike horſe?
The piercing wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight!
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear:
And looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN 109. [*Hallelujah.* C. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, ye' immortal choirs,
That fill the realms above:
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Sing to his praiſe ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Winds, ye ſhall bear his name abroad
Through the ethereal blue:
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder and hail, and fire and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,

Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar:
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

7 While monſters ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

8 But gentler things ſhall tune his Name
To ſofter notes than theſe;
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſpering through the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow!
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

10 Let the ſhrill birds his honours raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
While groveling beaſts attempts his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

11 Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals take the ſound!
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

HYMN 110. [*Canon.* L. M.

JESUS, thou everlaſting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring:
Accept the well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worſhip be,
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee:
Like the bleſt hour, when from above
We firſt receiv'd the pledge of love.

3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever ſtay!
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

HYMN 111. [*Trinity.* C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories ſhines,
How high thy wonders riſe;
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand through the ſkies;
Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

2 Part of thy name divinely ſtands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They ſhew the labour of thy hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet:
But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms:

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs

Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright ſeraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

4 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong:
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Who ſweetly all agree
To ſave a world of ſinners loſt,
Eternal glory be.

HYMN 112. [*Saliſbury.* All 7's.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whoſe glory fills the ſky:
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-belov'd of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now preſume to ſing:
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all and numberleſs.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd;
Hail, the everlaſting Lord:
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love!

4 Chriſt our Lord and God we own;
Chriſt, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain,
Saviour of offending man,

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement thou:
Jeſus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our ſins away.

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Juſtify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement thou.

7 Hear, for thou, O Chriſt, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one;
One the Holy Ghoſt with thee,
One, ſupreme, eternal Three.

HYMN 113. [*Stanton.* L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
In ſongs of praiſe divinely ſing!
The great ſalvation loud proclaim,
And ſhout for joy the Saviour's name:
In every land begin the ſong;
To every land the ſtrains belong:
In cheerful ſounds your voices raiſe,
And fill the world with loudeſt praiſe.

HYMN 114. [*Eveſham.* L. M.

1 HOW do thy mercies cloſe me round,
For ever be thy name ador'd;

I bluſh in all things to abound!
The ſervant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A ſuffering life my Maſter led:
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yes, he himſelf becomes my guard:
He ſmooths my bed, and gives me ſleep.

4 Jeſus protects, my fears be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thy everlaſting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who ſhall violate my reſt?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breaſt.

6 I reſt beneath th' Almighty's ſhade,
My griefs expire, my troubles ceaſe;
Thou, Lord, on whom my ſoul is ſtay'd,
Wilt keep me ſtill in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'ſt to take
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forſake
A helpleſs worm that truſts in thee.

HYMN 115. [*Reſurrection.* 4-6's, & 2-8's.

1 GOD of my life to thee
My cheerful ſoul I raiſe;
Thy goodneſs bade me be,
And ſtill prolongs my days;

I ſee my natal hour return,
And bleſs the day, that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my bleſſings came!
Creating and preſerving grace
Let all that is within me praiſe.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praiſes give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My ſoul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be;
All, all my happy hours
I conſecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now reſtore,
And I ſhall praiſe thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven!
In Chriſt a creature new,
Eternally forgiven;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All ſanctified by ſinleſs love.

6 Then when this work is done,
The work of faith with power
Receive thy favoured ſon,
In death's triumphant hour:
Like Moſes to thyſelf convey,
And kiſs my raptur'd ſoul away.

HYMN 116. [*Builth.*

1 AWAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation is born!
From Jehovah I came From his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus alone The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below:
If of parents I came, Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace, From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been My preserver from sin,
And I trust, thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares And temptations and snares
Thy hand hath conducted me through:
O the blessings bestow'd By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this, What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I;
Gathered into thy fold, With thy people inroll'd,
With thy people to live, and to die!

7 O the goodness of God, Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear, And with triumph declare,
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love, That has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands;
With my pastoral crook, I went over the brook,
And behold! I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze, Hath begotten me these?
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies, They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.
10 All honour and praise, To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return!
The business pursue, He hath made me to do,
And rejoice, that I ever was born.
11 In a rapture of joy My life I employ
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this, To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.
12 My remnant of days I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few, My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

HYMN 116.* [*Handel's March.* S. M.

1 AWAY my needless fears
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine:
Thrice comfortable hope
That calms my troubled breast,
My FATHER's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.
2 If what I wish is good,
And suits the Will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine:
Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven design'd for me,

3 Here then, I doubt no more,
But in his pleaſure reſt,
Whoſe Wiſdom, Love, and Truth and Power,
Engage to make me bleſt;
To' accompliſh his deſign,
The creatures all agree;
And all the attributes divine,
Are now at work for me.

HYMN 117. [*Cookham. All 7's.*

1 MEET and right it is to praiſe
God the giver of all grace:
God, whoſe mercies are beſtow'd
On the evil and the good.
He prevents his creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all,
Makes his ſun on ſinners riſe;
Showers his bleſſings from the ſkies.

2 Leaſt of all thy creatures we
Daily thy ſalvation ſee,
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led,
Through a wilderneſs of cares,
Through ten thouſand, thouſand ſnares:
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we cou'd know, and live!

3 By our boſom foe beſet,
Taken in the fowler's net:
Paſſion's unreſiſted prey
Oft within the toils we lay.
Sleeping on the banks of ſin,
Tophet gap'd to take us in;
Mercy to our reſcue flew,
Broke the ſnare and brought us through.

4 Here, as in a lion's den,
Undevour'd we ſtill remain:
Paſs ſecure the watry flood,
Hanging on the arm of God:
Hence we raiſe our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire!
Clap our hands amidſt the flame,
Glory give to Jeſu's name.

5 Jeſu's name, in Satan's hour
Stands our adamantine tower,
Jeſus doth his own defend,
Love, and ſave us to the end.
Love ſhall make us perſevere,
Till our conquering Lord appear,
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

HYMN 118. [*Hamilton's.*

1 THOU, my God, art good and wiſe,
And infinite in power:
Thee, let all in earth and ſkies
Continually adore!
Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee my moſt indulgent God,
I thank with heart ſincere;
For the bleſſings numberleſs,
Which thou haſt already given,
For my ſmalleſt ſpark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my ſins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart;
Then I ſhall in thee believe
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jeſus look,
Him in heavenly glory ſee,
Who my cauſe hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace in anſwer to his prayer
And every grace beſtow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every ſtate reſign'd.
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With ſelf-abaſing ſhame,
Still I wou'd myſelf deſpiſe,
And magnify thy name:
Thee let every creature bleſs,
Praiſe to God alone be given,
God alone deſerves the praiſe,
Of all in earth and heaven.

HYMN 119. [*Athlone.* L. M.

1 MY ſoul through my Redeemer's care
Sav'd from the ſecond death I feel!
My eyes from tears of dark deſpair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet ſhall run:
My eyes on his perfections gaze:
My ſoul ſhall live for God alone,
And all within me ſhout his praiſe.

HYMN 120. [*Wenvo.* C. M.

1 THY ceaſeleſs, unexhauſted love,
Unmerit'd and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our miſery.
Thou waiteſt to be gracious ſtill:
Thou doſt with ſinners bear,
That, ſav'd, we may thy goodneſs feel,
And all thy grace declare.

2 Thy goodneſs and thy truth to me,
To every ſoul abound;
A vaſt, unfathomable ſea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
Its ſtreams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the ſtore
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!

3 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thouſand promiſes declare
Thy conſtancy of love.
Throughout the univerſe it reigns
Unalterably ſure:
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodneſs muſt endure.

HYMN 121. [*Aldrich.* C. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in Perſons Three!
Bring back the heavenly bleſſing, loſt
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too
To me, to all reſtore:
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore!

3 Eternal Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Diſplay thy beams divine!
And cauſe the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to ſhine.

4 Light in thy light, O may I ſee!
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Reviv'd, and chear'd, and bleſt by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance ſerene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd.

6 That all compriſing peace beſtow
On me through grace forgiven:
The joys of holineſs below,
And then the joys of heaven!

§ 2. *For Believers Fighting.*

HYMN 122. [*Olney*. S. M.

O May thy powerful word
Inſpire a feeble worm
To ruſh into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by ſtorm!
O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To ſeize the crown of perfect love,
And ſcale the mount of heaven!

HYMN 123. [*Handel's-March*. S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Chriſt, ariſe,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the ſtrength which God ſupplies
Through his eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of hoſts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the ſtrength of Jeſus truſts,
Is more then conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his ſtrength endu'd
But take to arm you for the fight
The Panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts paſt,
Ye may o'ercome through Chriſt alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.

3 Stand then againſt your foes
In cloſe and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppoſe
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the ſons of night,
But mock their vain deſign,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteouſneſs divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakneſs of the ſoul:
Take every virtue, every grace
And fortify the whole:
Indiſſolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourſelves with all the mind,
That was in Chriſt your head.

HYMN 124. [*Handel's-March.* S. M.

1 BUT above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious ſhield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be ſure to win the field;

If faith ſurround your heart,
Satan ſhall be ſubdu'd,
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jeſu's blood.

2 Jeſus hath died for you!
What can his love withſtand?
Believe! hold faſt your ſhield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand
Believe that Jeſus reigns,
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from ſin's remains,
Believe yourſelves to heaven.

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with conſtant care;
Still walking in your Captain's ſight,
And watching unto prayer;
Ready for all alarms,
Stedfaſtly ſet your face,
And always exerciſe your arms
And uſe your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceaſing pray,
(Your Captain gives the word,)
His ſummons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord;
To God your every want
In inſtant prayer diſplay:
Pray always; pray and never faint:
Pray, without ceaſing pray.

HYMN 125. [*Handel's March* S. M.

1 IN fellowſhip, alone,
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, beſiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer;

Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move:
Let every houſe his worſhip know,
And every heart his love.

2 To God your ſpirits dart,
Your ſouls in words declare,
Or groan to him, who reads the heart,
Th' unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now ſhew forth his praiſe
In ſhouts, or ſilent awe adore
The miracles of grace

3 Pour out your ſouls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And ſpread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace;
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In graſping all mankind.

4 From ſtrength to ſtrength go on,
Wreſtle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkneſs down,
And win the well fought day;
Still let the ſpirit cry
In all his ſoldiers, "Come,"
Till Chriſt the Lord deſcends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

HYMN 126. [*Amſterdam.*

O Almighty God of love,
Thy holy arm diſplay,
Send me ſuccour from above
In this my evil day;

Arm my weakneſs with thy power,
Woman's ſeed appear within!
Be my ſafeguard and my tower
Againſt the face of ſin.

2 Cou'd I of thy ſtrength take hold,
And always feel thee near;
Confident, divinely bold,
My ſoul wou'd ſcorn to fear;
Nothing ſhou'd my firmneſs ſhock,
Though the gates of hell aſſail,
Were I built upon the rock,
They never cou'd prevail.

3 Rock of my ſalvation, haſte,
Extend thy ample ſhade,
Let it over me be caſt!
And ſkreen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my ſure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

4 Set upon thyſelf my feet,
And make me ſurely ſtand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand:
Let me in the cleft be plac'd;
Never from my fence remove:
In thine arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN 127. [*Eveſham.* L. M.

1 COME, Saviour, Jeſus, from above
Aſſiſt me with thy heavenly grace,

Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyſelf prepare the place.
O let thy ſacred preſence fill,
And ſet my longing ſpirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feaſt on thee.

2 While in this region here below,
No other good will I purſue:
I'll bid this world of noiſe and ſhow,
With all its glittering ſnares adieu.
That path with humble ſpeed I'll ſeek,
In which my Saviour's footſteps ſhine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I ſpeak
Of any other love than thine.

3 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this conſecrated ſoul:
Poſſeſs it thou, who haſt the right,
As Lord and Maſter of the whole:
Wealth, honour, pleaſure, and what elſe
This ſhort enduring world can give;
Tempt as ye will, my ſoul repels,
To Chriſt alone reſolv'd to live.

4 Thee I can love, and thee alone
With pure delight and inward bliſs;
To know thou tak'ſt me for thine own,
O what a happineſs is this!
Nothing on earth do I deſire,
But thy pure love within my breaſt:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the reſt.

HYMN 128. [*Plymouth. All 7's.*

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply my every want;
Tree of life, thy influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tendereſt branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpleſs infancy;
O confirm my ſoul in thee.

3 Unſuſtain'd by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, ſave me to the end:
Give me thy continuing grace;
Take the everlaſting praiſe.

HYMN 129. [*Chapel.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

1 O God, thy faithfulneſs I plead,
My preſent help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou,
Haſte to my aid! thy ear incline,
And reſcue this poor ſoul of mine;
I claim the promiſe now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, ſhew me where
That I thy mercy may declare,
The power, that ſets me free:
How can I my deſtruction ſhun?
How can I from my nature run?
Anſwer, O God, for me.

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, ſhort-ſighted man can find
From inbred ſin to fly;
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death can cut the knot,
Which love can not untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace:
Thy love can find a thouſand ways,
To fooliſh man unknown:
My ſoul upon thy love I caſt!
I reſt me, till the ſtorm is paſt,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wiſe, and mighty love,
Shall every ſtumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love ſhall burſt the ſhades of death,
And bear me from the gulph beneath
To everlaſting day.

HYMN 130. [*Fulham.* L. M.

1 GOD of my life, whoſe gracious power
Thro' various deaths my ſoul hath led;
Or turn'd aſide the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my ſinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I ſee;
Aſſiſt me ſtill my courſe to run,
And ſtill direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft has the ſea confeſt thy power,
And given me back to thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, haſt lifted up my head:
Sudden I found thee near to ſave:
The fever own'd thy touch and fled.

5 Whither, O whither ſhall I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breaſt;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And ſafe beneath thy wings to reſt?

6 I have no ſkill the ſnare to ſhun,
But thou, O Chriſt, my wiſdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Fooliſh, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known:
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room:
Enter, and in me ever ſtay;
The crooked then ſhall ſtraight become,
The darkneſs ſhall be loſt in day!

HYMN 131. [*Kingswood.*

Iſaiah xxxii. 2.

1 TO the haven of thy breaſt,
O Son of Man, I fly:
Be my refuge and my reſt,
For O! the ſtorm is high!
Save me from the furious blaſt,
A covert from the tempeſt be:
Hide me, Jeſus, till o'erpaſt
The ſtorm of ſin I ſee.

2 Welcome as the water-ſpring
In a dry barren place;
O deſcend on me, and bring
Thy ſweet refreſhing grace:
O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its ſhade;
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And ſkreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my diſtreſs
Thou haſt my ſuccour been,
In my utter helpleſſneſs
Reſtraining me from ſin:
O! how ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And ſhield me with thy power.

4 Firſt and laſt in me perform
The work thou haſt begun:
Plead the' atonement of thy blood,
Till I am cleans'd from ſin;
Weary, parch'd with thirſt, and faint,
Till thou the' abiding ſpirit breathe;
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never ſhall I want it leſs,
When thou the gift haſt given,
Fill'd me with thy righteouſneſs,
And ſeal'd the heir of heaven:
I ſhall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory ſee,
Till the ſprinkling of thy blood
Shall ſpeak me up to thee.

§ 3. *For Believers Praying.*

HYMN 132. [*Mourners.* 6--8's.

1 JESU, thou ſovereign Lord of all,
The ſame through one eternal day,
Attend thy feebleſt followers call,
And O inſtruct us how to pray!
Pour out the ſupplicating grace,
And ſtir us up to ſeek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good deſire,
Till thou, who call'dſt a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inſpire;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thy own.

3 Jeſus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here!
And now ſupply the common want,
And ſend us down the Comforter:
The Spirit of ceaſeleſs prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our ſouls infirmity,
To heal thy ſin-ſick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a houſe of prayer:
The promis'd Interceſſor give,
And let us now thyſelf receive.

5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us, who for thy coming ſtay!
Of all thy gifts we aſk but one,
We aſk the conſtant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this requeſt!
Thou canſt not then deny the reſt.

HYMN 133. [*Palmi's.* S. M.

1 THE praying ſpirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind ſuſtain,
By worldly thoughts oppreſt:
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal reſt.

2 Swift to my reſcue come,
Thy own this moment ſeize:
Gather my wandering ſpirit home:
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arreſt the priſoner of thy love,
And ſhut me up in God.

HYMN 134. [*Brook's.* C. M.

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch, and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials laſt,
Long as the croſs we bear;
Oh! let our ſouls on thee be caſt
In never-ceaſing prayer.

3 The ſpirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wreſtle till we ſee thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the perfect love impart,
Till thou thyſelf beſtow:

Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unleſs
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great ſalvation bleſs,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in ſight is ſwallowed up,
And prayer in endleſs praiſe.

HYMN 135. [*Sheffield.* 6-8's.

1 O Wonderous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moſes or Elijah prays;
Let Moſes in the ſpirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May riſe the wicked to conſume!—
While juſtice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot ſeal the ſinners doom;
My Son is in my ſervant's prayer,
And Jeſus forces me to ſpare."

3 O bleſſed word of goſpel-grace,
Which now we for our Iſrael plead:
A faithleſs and backſliding race,
Whom thou haſt out of Egypt freed;
O do not then in wrath chaſtiſe,
Nor let thy whole diſpleaſure riſe!

4 Father, we aſk in Jeſu's name,
In Jeſu's power and ſpirit pray,
Divert the vengeful thunder's aim!
O turn thy threatning wrath away;

Our guilt and puniſhment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love!
5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer;
And ſend a peaceful anſwer down
In honour of our Spokeſman there;
Whoſe blood proclaims our ſins forgiven,
And ſpeaks thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN 136. [*Brentford.* S. M.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me:
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.
In me thy ſpirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So ſhall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

HYMN 137. [*Olney.* S. M.

1 JESU, my ſtrength, and hope,
On thee I caſt my care!
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'ſt my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a ſober mind,
A ſelf-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and caſts behind
The bates of pleaſing ill;
A ſoul inured to pain,
To hardſhip, grief, and loſs;
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain
The conſecrated croſs.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-diſcerning eye
That looks to thee, when ſin is near,
And ſees the tempter fly;
A ſpirit ſtill prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever ſtanding on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never ceaſe:
Never to murmur at thy ſtay,
Or wiſh my ſufferings leſs.
This bleſſing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A ſingle, ſteady aim,
Unmov'd by threatning or reward
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous juſt concern
For thine immortal praiſe;
A pure deſire, that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I reſt upon thy word,
The promiſe is for me:
My ſuccour, and ſalvation, Lord,
Shall ſurely come from thee;
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient ſpirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

§ 4. *For Believers Watching.*

HYMN 138. [*St. Paul's.* C. M.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul:
Nothing hath half thy work to do:
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive:
But we, who have a heaven to' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard, the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good;
How careless to secure the crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from the' heavenly hill
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

HYMN 139. [*Brentford.* S. M.

1 A Charge to keep I have:
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky:

To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Maſter's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And, O thy ſervant, Lord, prepare
A ſtrict account to give;
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
Aſſur'd, if I my truſt betray,
I ſhall for ever die.

HYMN 140. [*Brockmer.* C. M.

1 GOD of all grace and majeſty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have favour found with thee,
Through the atoning blood:
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear leſt I ſhou'd ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuſe my liberty,
Or ſin againſt thy love;
This choiceſt fruit of faith beſtow
On a poor ſojourner;
And let me paſs my days below
In humbleneſs and fear.

3 Rather I wou'd in darkneſs mourn,
The abſence of thy peace,
Then e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonneſs;

Rather I wou'd in painful awe,
Beneath thy anger move,
Than ſin againſt the goſpel-law
Of liberty and love.

4 But Oh! thou wou'dſt not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain;
Thou doſt not take delight to grieve
The helpleſs ſons of men:
Thy will is my ſalvation, Lord;
And let it now take place;
And let me tremble at thy word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy ſight,
My ſtrict Obſerver ſee;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are paſt,
At Jeſu's feet abide;
So ſhall he lift me up at laſt,
And ſeat me by his ſide.

HYMN 141. [*Olney.* C. M.

1 I Want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodneſs grieve;
The filial awe, the contrite heart,
The tender conſcience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conſcience make;
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

4 If to the right or left I ſtray,
That moment, Lord, reprove
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.

5 Oh! may the leaſt omiſſion pain
My well-inſtructed ſoul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN 142. [*Wood's.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And ſtill my tempted ſoul ſtand by,
Throughout the evil day!
The ſacred watchfulneſs impart,
And keep the iſſues of my heart,
And ſtir me up to pray.

2 My ſoul with thy whole armour arm:
In each approach of ſin alarm,
And ſhew the danger near:
Surround, ſuſtain, and ſtrengthen me,
And fill with godly jealouſy,
And ſanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careleſs hands hang down,
Oh! let me ſee thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And ſtarting cry from ruin's brink,
Save, Jeſus, or I yield, I ſink,
Oh ſave me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I raſhly ſtray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmoſt mercy ſhow,
And make me like thyſelf below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
By perfect holineſs to' appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN 143. [*Iſlington.* L. M.

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I caſt my every care;
On whom for all things I depend,
Inſpire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have taſted of thy grace,
The grace that ſure ſalvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit ſtays,
And hovering hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakneſs ſtay,
Nor for a moment's ſpace depart,
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I ſtray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Chriſt thy way,
"Fly back to Chriſt! for ſin is near.

5 His ſacred unction from above
Be ſtill my comforter and guide,
Till all the ſtony he remove,
And in my loving heart reſide.

6 Jeſus, I fain wou'd walk with thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And ſet upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
Oh! reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I ſtand.

HYMN 144. [*Iſlington.* L. M.

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helpleſſneſs reveal:
Satan and ſin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 Oh! that to thee my conſtant mind
Might with an even flame aſpire!
Pride in its earlieſt motions find,
And mark the riſings of deſire.

3 Oh! that my tender ſoul might fly
The firſt abhorr'd approach of ill:
Quick as the apple of an eye
The ſlighteſt touch of ſin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my ſoul create;
Still may I ſtrive, and watch, and pray;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to ſee the perfect day.

HYMN 145. [*Handel's-March.* S. M.

1 HARK! how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's ſound;
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!
The powers of hell ſurround!
Who bow to Chriſt's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain-top,
The ſtandard of your God!

In Jeſu's name I lift it up,
All ſtain'd with hallowed blood.
His ſtandard-bearer I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jeſu's croſs draw nigh!
He bore the croſs for all.

3 Go up with Chriſt your Head,
Your Captain's footſteps ſee;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory:
All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the ſame:
Salvation, happineſs, and heaven,
Are all in Jeſu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes aſſail:
Not wreſtling againſt fleſh and blood,
But all the powers of hell.
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN 146. [*Handel's-March.* S. M.

1 ANGELS your march oppoſe
Who ſtill in ſtrength excel,
Your ſecret, ſworn, eternal foes,
Countleſs, inviſible:
With rage, that never ends,
Their helliſh arts they try:
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And ſpirits enthron'd on high.

2 On earth the' uſurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power

O'er the poor fallen ſons of men
They tyrannize their hour.
But ſhall believers fear?
But ſhall believers fly?
Or ſee the bloody croſs appear,
And all their powers defy?

3 Jeſu's tremendous name,
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jeſus the meek, the angry Lamb,
A lion is in fight.
By all hell's hoſt withſtood,
We all hell's hoſt o'erthrow;
And conquering them thro' Jeſu's blood.
We ſtill to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the ſkies,
And reaches out a ſtarry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory:
And thou ſhalt wear the glorious wreath,
And thou ſhalt reign with me.

HYMN 147. [*Cary's.* 6-8's.

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and ſhame;
As ſervants of the Lord Moſt High,
As zealous for his glorious Name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wiſdom, Lord, on us beſtow,
From every evil to depart;
To ſtop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,

The proofs of godly fear we give,
And ſhew them, how the Chriſtians live.

HYMN 148. [*Snowsfields.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

1 BE it my only wiſdom here
To ſerve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior ſenſe may I diſplay,
By ſhunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I ſtill from ſin depart;
A wiſe and underſtanding heart,
Jeſus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

§ 5. *For Believers Working.*

HYMN 149. [*St. Paul's.*

1 SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a ſingle heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I ſee:
Accept my hallow'd labour now:
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jeſu, this mean oblation join
To thy great ſacrifice.

4 Stampt with an infinite deſert,
My work he then ſhall own:

Well pleas'd with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favourite son.

HYMN 150. [*Lampe's.* S. M.

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face!
Through Jesus Christ the just
My faint desires receive!
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim:
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name!
Jesu, my single eye
Be fixt on thee alone:
Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith inspire
My consecrated heart:
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm!
A worm exalt to God!

HYMN 151. [*Athlone.* L. M.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee resolv'd to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The taſk thy wiſdom hath aſſign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil!
In all my works thy preſence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I ſet at my right-hand,
Whoſe eyes my inmoſt ſubſtance ſee;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy eaſy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And ſtill to things eternal look,
And haſten to that glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given:
And run my courſe with even joy,
And cloſely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN 152. [*Kingswood.*

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The Maſter's bleſſed will:
Him in outward things purſue,
And ſerve his pleaſure ſtill.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I ſtill wou'd chuſe the better part:
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil:
Kept in peace by Jeſu's name,
Supported by his ſmile;
Joyful thus my faith to ſhow,
I find his ſervice my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love
Doſt all my burden bear:
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there.
Calm on tumult's wheel I ſit,
'Midſt buſy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove;
Now my treaſure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employ'd;
Sees my ſoul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know,
Of living thus to thee!
Find their Heaven begun below,
And here thy Glory ſee!
Walk in all thy works prepar'd
By thee to exerciſe their grace;
Till they gain their full reward,
And ſee thy glorious face!

HYMN 153. [*Norwich.* 6-8's.

1 CAPTAIN of Iſrael's hoſt, and guide
Of all who ſeek the land above,
Beneath thy ſhadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love!
Our ſtrength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By thy unerring Spirit led,
We ſhall not in the deſart ſtray:

We ſhall not full direction need,
Or miſs our providential way:
As far from danger as from fear
While love, almighty love is near.

HYMN 154. [*Palmi's.* L. M.

1 O Thou that cameſt from above,
The pure celeſtial fire to impart,
Kindle the flame of ſacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguiſhable blaze;
And trembling to its ſource return
In humble love, and fervent praiſe.

3 Jeſu, confirm my heart's deſire,
To work, and ſpeak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And ſtill ſtir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat!
Till death thy endleſs mercies ſeal,
And make the ſacrifice complete.

HYMN 155. [23d *Pſalm.* 6-8's.

1 WHEN quiet in my houſe I ſit,
Thy book be my companion ſtill:
My joy thy ſayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will;
And ſearch the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converſe be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk, and talk himſelf with me;

So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue:
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to thy church above.

§ 6. *For Believers Suffering.*

HYMN 156. [*Fetter-Lane.* C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears:
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his power;
We ſhall obtain delivering grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

Hymn 157. [*Olney.* S. M.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands
To his ſure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their courſe,
Whom winds and ſeas obey,
He ſhall direct thy wandering feet,
He ſhall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So ſafe ſhalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done:
No profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming care:
To him commend thy cauſe, his ear
Attends the ſofteſt prayer.

3 Thine everlaſting truth,
Father, thy ceaſeleſs love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What beſt for each will prove:
And whatſoe'er thou will's
Thou doſt, O king of kings!
What thine unerring wiſdom choſe,
Thy power to being brings.

4 Thou every-where haſt ſway,
And all things ſerve thy might;
Thy every act pure bleſſing is,
Thy path unſullied light:

When thou ariſeſt, Lord,
What ſhall thy work withſtand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'ſt,
Who, who ſhall ſtay thy hand?

HYMN 158. [*Olney.* S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undiſmay'd;
God hears thy ſighs, and counts thy tears,
God ſhall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and ſtorms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, ſo ſhall this night,
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still ſunk thy ſpirits down?
Caſt off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone;
What though thou ruleſt not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God ſitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his ſovereign ſway
To chuſe and to command;
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wiſe, how ſtrong his hand:
Far, far above thy thought,
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs fear.

4 Thou ſeeſt our weakneſs, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the ſinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee;

Let us in life, in death,
Thy ſtedfaſt truth declare:
And publiſh with our lateſt breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN 159. [*Marienburn.* 6-8's.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be:
Thou ſeeſt, at laſt, I willing am,
Where'er thou goeſt to follow thee!
Myſelf in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my ſinful fleſh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain deſires,
My hopes of happineſs below:
My ſenſes and my paſſions' food,
And all my thirſt for creature-good.

3 Pleaſure, and wealth, and praiſe, no more
Shall lead my captive ſoul aſtray:
My fond purſuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, reſolv'd to' obey,
My own in all things to reſign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven
All fulneſs dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given:
Nothing but ſin I call my own:
Other property diſclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all reſign:
Being thou art, and love, and power:
Thy only will be done, not mine;
Thee, Lord, let earth and heaven adore:

Flow back the rivers to the ſea,
And let our all be loſt in thee!

HYMN 160. [*Traveller.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

1 COME on, my partners in diſtreſs,
My comrades through the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel!
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears
To that celeſtial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace
Look forward to that happy place,
The ſaints ſecure abode:
On faith's ſtrong eagle-pinions riſe,
And force your paſſage to the ſkies,
And ſcale the mount of God.

3 Who ſuffer with our Maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down:
To patient faith the prize is ſure;
And all that to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

4 Thrice-bleſſed bliſs-inſpiring hope!
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up;
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great myſterious Deity
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee;
The beatific ſight!
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light.

6 The Father, ſhining on his throne,
The glorious, co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and ſeven,
Conſpire our rapture to compleat:
And lo! we fall before thy feet,
And ſilence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that extatic pauſe,
Jeſu, we now ſuſtain the croſs,
And at thy footſtool fall:
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our raviſh'd ſpirits fill,
And God is all in all.

HYMN 161. [*Traveller.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

LORD, I adore thy gracious will,
Through every inſtrument of ill
My Father's goodneſs ſee:
Accept the complicated wrong,
Of Shemei's hand and Shemei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee.

HYMN 162. [*Kingswood.*

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in diſtreſſes paſt,
Will not now his ſervant leave,
But bring me through at laſt.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft haſt prov'd;
Oft obſerv'd my ſilent tears,
And challeng'd thy belov'd:
Mercy to my reſcue flew,
And death ungraſp'd his fainting prey.

Pain before thy face withdrew,
And ſorrow fled away.

3 Now as yeſterday the ſame,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jeſus, on thy word and name
I ſtedfaſtly rely:
Sure as now thy grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I ſoon ſhall have:
Sav'd again, to ſinners tell
Thy power and will to ſave.

4 To thy bleſſed will reſign'd,
And ſtay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect ſtrength ſhall find,
Thy faithful mercies own:
Compaſs'd round with ſongs of praiſe,
My all to my Redeemer give:
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And for thy glory live.

HYMN 163. [*Hamilton.*

1 FATHER, in the name I pray,
Of thy incarnate Love,
Humbly aſk, that as my day,
My ſuffering ſtrength may prove:
When my ſufferings moſt increaſe,
Let thy ſtrongeſt joys be given:
Jeſu, come with my diſtreſs,
And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou haſt caus'd to truſt,
For more than life on thee.
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burniſh'd gold I ſhine,

Meet through conſecrated pain,
To ſee the face divine.

Hymn 164. [*Welling.* L. M.

1 O Thou, to whoſe all-ſearching ſight
The darkneſs ſhineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O burſt theſe bonds, and ſet it free.

2 Waſh out its ſtains, refine its droſs,
Nail my affections to the croſs!
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darkſome wild I ſtray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When riſing floods my ſoul o'erthrow,
When ſinks my head in waves of woe,
Jeſu, thy timely aid impart,
And raiſe my head and chear my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy ſteps I ſee,
Dauntleſs, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand ſupport me ſtill,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My ſtrength proportion to my day:
Till toil, and grief, and pain ſhall ceaſe,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Hymn 165. [*Welling.* L. M.

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirſty ſoul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace;
Or make me in thy likeneſs ſhine;

2 With fraudleſs, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I ſee;
In love be every wiſh reſign'd,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak fleſh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breaſt:
When grief my wounded ſoul aſſails,
In lowly meekneſs may I reſt.

4 Cloſe by thy ſide ſtill may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With ſtedfaſt eye mark every ſtep.
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight haſt won:
Alone thou haſt the wine-preſs trod:
In me thy ſtrengthening grace be ſhown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So when on Sion thou ſhalt ſtand,
And all heaven's hoſt adore their king,
Shall I be found at thy right-hand,
And free from pain thy glories ſing.

Hymn 166. [*Athlone.* L. M.

1 JESU, the weary wanderer's reſt,
Give me thy eaſy yoke to bear:
With ſtedfaſt patience arm my breaſt,
With ſpotleſs love, and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy ſkill;
Though bitter to the taſte it be,
Powerful the wounded ſoul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So ſhall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care ſhall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day ſun.

4 Speak to my warring paſſions, "Peace:"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be ſtill."
Thy power and ſtrength my fortreſs is,
For all things ſerve thy ſovereign will.

5 O death! where is thy ſting? where now
Thy boaſted victory, O grave?
Who ſhall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to ſave?

§ 7. *For Believers groaning for full Redemption.*

HYMN 167. [*Lampe's.* S. M

1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my ſoul renew:
My ſoul ſhall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And ſanctified by love divine,
For ever ceaſe from ſin.

2 That bleſſed law of thine,
Jeſu, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart;
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove:
The law of liberty from ſin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy ſpotleſs ſanctity;
And ſweetly every moment draw
My happy ſoul to thee:
Soul of my ſoul remain;
Who didſt for all fulfil,

In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will!

HYMN 168. [*Liverpool.* C. M.

1 O For a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesu, for thee distrest I am;
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace;
Till of my Eden repossest,
From every sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart
Thy new, beſt name of love.

HYMN 169. [*Aldrich.* C. M.

1 JESUS, thou all-ſuſtaining word,
My fallen ſpirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeneſs, Lord,
O when ſhall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my ſoul, inſtruct my heart,
My ſinking footſteps ſtay.

3 Of all thou haſt in earth below,
In heaven above to give;
Give me thine only ſelf to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In myſtic union join
Me to thyſelf, and let me prove
The fellowſhip divine.

5 Open the intercourſe between
My longing ſoul and thee;
Never to be broke off again,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 170. [*112th Pſalm.* 6-8's.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Thy ſecret voice invites me ſtill,
The ſweetneſs of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I wou'd; but though my will
Seems fixt, yet wide my paſſions rove;
Yet hindrances ſtrew all the way:
I aim at thee, yet from thee ſtray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou haſt brought
My mind to ſeek her peace in thee;
Yet while I ſeek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering ſoul ſhall ſee:
O when ſhall all my wanderings end,
And all my ſteps to thee-ward tend.

4 Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repoſe in thee.

5 O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but Chriſt in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling luſt ſurvive:
In all things—nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek but thee.

6 O Love, thy ſovereign aid impart
To ſave me from low-thoughted care;
Chaſe this ſelf-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaſeleſs may "Abba, Father," cry.

7 Ah! no! ne'er will I backward turn;
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
Thrice happy he, who views with ſcorn
Earth's toys for thee his conſtant flame!

Oh! help, that I may never move
From the bleſt footſteps of thy love.

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN 171. [*Cardiff.* 4-6's. & 2-8's.

1 YE happy ſinners hear
The priſoner of the Lord,
And wait till Chriſt appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

2 The Lord our Righteouſneſs
We have long ſince receiv'd:
Salvation nearer is,
Than when we firſt believ'd: Rejoice, &c.

3 Let others hug their chains,
For ſin and Satan plead:
And ſay, from ſin's remains
They never can be freed: Rejoice, &c.

4 In God we put our truſt:
If we our ſins confeſs,
Faithful he is, and juſt,
From all unrighteouſneſs,
To cleanſe us all, both you and me;
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

5 Surely in us the hope
Of glory ſhall appear:
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And ſee redemption near:

Again I ſay, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

6 Who Jeſu's ſufferings ſhare,
My fellow-priſoners now,
Ye ſoon the wreath ſhall wear,
On your triumphant brow: Rejoice, &c.

7 The word of God is ſure,
And never can remove,
We ſhall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love: Rejoice, &c.

8 Then let us gladly bring
Our ſacrifice of praiſe,
Let us give thanks and ſing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

HYMN 172. [*Mitcham.* C. M.

1 FOREVER here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide:
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and ſin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe, and keep me clean.

3 Waſh me, and make me thus thine own;
Waſh me, and mine thou art:
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply
Till faith to ſight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my ſoul be love.

HYMN 173. [*Bexley.* C. M.

1 JESU, my life, thyſelf apply,
Thy holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth and ſin,
Still with thy rebel ſtrive;
Enter my ſoul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may riſe.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy ſway;
Diffuſe thine image through my ſoul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the laſt remains of ſin,
And ſeal me thine anode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

HYMN 174. [*Savannah.* All 7's.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be!
Jeſu, ſee my panting breaſt;
See I pant in thee to reſt;
Gladly wou'd I now be clean:
Cleanſe me now from every ſin.

2 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind;

Earthly paſſions far remove,
Swallow up our ſouls in love.
Duſt and aſhes though we be,
Full of ſin and miſery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchaſe of thy blood.

3 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the' atonement now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.
See, ye ſinners, ſee the flame
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb;
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

4 Jeſu, when this light we ſee,
All our ſoul's on fire for thee:
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart diſſolves in love.
Boundleſs wiſdom, power divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine!
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heaven.

HYMN 175. [*Irene.* 2-6's. & 4-7's.

1 JESU, thou art my King,
To me thy ſuccour bring:
Chriſt, the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity;

King of glory, Lord of all,
Chriſt, be Lord, be King to me.

3 I pant to feel thy ſway,
And only thee to obey:
Thee my ſpirit gaſps to meet;
This my one, my ceaſeleſs prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy ſeat,
O ſet up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and ſin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All ſubdue; through all my ſoul
Conquering and to conquer go!

HYMN 176. [*Kingswood.*

1 EVER fainting with deſire,
For thee, O Chriſt, I call;
Thee I reſtleſsly require,
I want my God, my all.
Jeſu, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above:
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou ſuffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy ſanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford:
The darkneſs from my ſoul remove? Help, &c.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The ſecond gift impart:
With the' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart;

If with love thy heart is ſtor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels move; Help, &c.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the ſinner clean;
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off the' intail of ſin;
Take me into thee, my Lord,
I ſhall then no longer rove: Help, &c.

5 Thou, my life, my treaſure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing wou'd I ſeek but thee,
Thee only wou'd I know:
My exceeding great reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above: Help, &c.

6 Grant me now the bliſs to feel
Of thoſe that are in thee!
Son of God, thyſelf reveal,
Engrave thy name on me:
As in heaven be here ador'd,
And let me now the promiſe prove;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Hymn 176*. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heavens our voices raiſe;

And earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth ſhall ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

Hymn 177. [*Trinity.* C. M.

1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promiſe true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my ſtrength renew.

2 If in this feeble fleſh I may
A while ſhew forth thy praiſe;
Jeſu, ſupport the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If ſuch a worm as I can ſpread,
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to ſhow,
Which purges every ſtain:
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my ſtrength of ſoul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith ſhall make the wounded whole,
And perfect ſoundneſs give.

6 Faith to be heal'd thou knoweſt I have,
From ſin to be made clean;
Able thou art from ſin to ſave,
From all indwelling ſin.

7 Surely thou canſt, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt thyſelf impart;
The bond-woman's baſe ſon caſt out,
And take up all my heart.

8 I ſhall my ancient ſtrength renew:
The excellence divine
(If thou art good, if thou art true,)
Throughout my ſoul ſhall ſhine.

9 I ſhall, a weak and helpleſs worm,
Through Jeſus ſtrengthening me,
Impoſſibilities perform,
And live from ſinning free.

10 For this in ſtedfaſt hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my ſoul reſtore:
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I ſhall ſin no more.

Hymn 178. [*Mitcham.* C. M.

1 MY God, I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim:
Till all I have is loſt in thine,
And all renew'd I am.
I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till ſtedfaſtly by faith I ſtand,
And all thy goodneſs know.

2 When ſhall I ſee the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!
Jeſu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then ſhall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixt in God.

3 Love only can the conqueſt win,
The ſtrength of ſin ſubdue;
(Mine own unconquerable ſin,)
And form my ſoul anew.
Love can bow down the ſtubborn neck,
The ſtone to fleſh convert:
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.

4 O that in me the ſacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the droſs of baſe deſire,
And make the mountains flow!
O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my ſins conſume!
Come, Holy Ghoſt, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come.

5 Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my ſoul:
Scatter thy life through every part,
And ſanctify the whole.
Sorrow and ſin ſhall then expire,
While entered into reſt,
I only live my God to' admire,
My God for ever bleſt.

6 No longer then my heart ſhall mourn,
While purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always ſee his face.
My ſtedfaſt ſoul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Chriſt be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN 179. [23d *Pſalm.* 6-8's.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I aſk of thee;
The living water now beſtow,
Thy Spirit and thyſelf on me:
Thou Lord, of life the fountain art;
Now let me find thee in my heart!

2 Thee let me drink, and thirſt no more
For drops of finite happineſs:
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In ſtreams of pure perennial peace;
In joy, that none can take away,
In life, which ſhall for ever ſtay.

3 Father, on me the grace beſtow,
Unblamable before thy ſight,
Whence all the ſtreams of mercy flow:
Mercy, thy own ſupreme delight,
To me, for Jeſu's ſake impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be ſhown,
While liſt'ning to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I ſwiftly fly
The poor, and helpleſs to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I ſhew the ſpirit within,
Which purges me from every ſtain,
Unſpotted from the world and ſin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove
By perfect purity and love.

HYMN 180. [*Olney.* S. M.

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within:
And bring the glorious liberty
From ſorrow, fear, and ſin.
The ſeed of ſin's diſeaſe,
Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of finiſhed holineſs,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Haſten the joyful day,
Which ſhall my ſins conſume:
When old things ſhall be paſt away,
And all things new become.
The' original offence
Out of my ſoul eraſe;
Enter thyſelf, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

3 I want the witneſs, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleaſing in thy ſight.
I aſk no other ſtate,
Indulge me but in this;
And ſoon or later then tranſlate
To my eternal bliſs.

HYMN 181. [*Athlone.* L. M.

1 O GOD, moſt merciful and true,
Thy nature to my ſoul impart!
'Stabliſh with me the covenant new,
And write ſalvation on my heart.

2 To real holineſs reſtor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind

And in the knowledge of my Lord
Fulneſs of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my ſins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, ſunk in guiltleſs ſhame adore
With ſpeechleſs wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy ſtupendous grace,
I ſhall not in thy preſence move;
But breathe unutterable praiſe,
And rapturous awe, and ſilent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires in ſweet confuſion loſt:
I cannot of my croſs complain,
I cannot of my goodneſs boaſt.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the duſt I hide,
And glory give to God alone,
My God, for ever pacified!

HYMN 182. [*Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and deſire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his Image aſpire
My hope is all centered in thee:
I truſt to recover thy love:
On earth thy ſalvation to ſee,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirſt for a life-giving God,
A God, that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which guſh'd from Immanuel's ſide!

I gaſp for the ſtreams of thy love,
The ſpirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally freſh from the throne.

HYMN 183. [*Amſterdam.*

GIVE me the inlarg'd deſire,
And open, Lord, my ſoul,
Thy own fulneſs to require,
And comprehend the whole;
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider and yet wider ſtill;
Then with all that is in thee,
My ſoul for ever fill!

HYMN 184. [*Bradford.* 6-8's.

1 JESU, thy boundleſs love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue de-
O knit my thankful heart to thee, [clare;
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my conſtant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my ſoul
May dwell, but thy pure alone
O may thy love poſſeſs me whole!
My joy, my treaſure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my ſoul remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how chearing is thy ray!
All pain before thy preſence flies;
Care, anguiſh, ſorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams ariſe:
O Jeſu, nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire or ſeek but thee,

4 Unwearied may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire:
Hourly within my ſoul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night be all my care
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

5 O that I as a little child,
May follow thee and never reſt;
Till ſweetly thou haſt breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breaſt!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one ſpirit with thee.

6 Still let thy love point out my way:
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought:
Still lead me, leſt I go aſtray:
Direct my work, inſpire my thought:
And if I fall, ſoon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

7 In ſuffering be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my power:
And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſu, in that important hour!
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt died.

HYMN 185. [*Frankford.* 6-8's.

1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near:
Jeſus, who on the ſerpent treads,
Shall ſoon in your behalf appear!
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all ſhall find, whom in his word
Himſelf hath caus'd to put your truſt:
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promiſe juſt;
Faithful, if we our ſins confeſs,
To cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs.

3 Yes, Lord, we muſt believe thee kind:
Thou never canſt unfaithful prove:
Surely we ſhall thy mercy find;
Who aſk, ſhall all receive thy love,
Nor canſt thou it to me deny:
I aſk, the chief of ſinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be ſtrong!
Your down-caſt eyes and hands lift up!
Ye ſhall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end, in Jeſus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove
And cannot fail, if God is love.

5 Priſoners of hope, be ſtrong, be bold!
Caſt off your doubts, diſdain to fear!
Dare to believe! on Chriſt lay hold!
Wreſtle with Chriſt in mighty prayer:
Tell him "We will not let thee go,
"Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Haſt thou not died to purge our ſin,
And roſe thy death for us to plead?
To write the law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedſt, and cou'dſt not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,
Which all thy great ſalvation brings,

The ſpirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us prieſts and kings:
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord."

8 The promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And we ſhall in thine image ſhine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In ſpirit joined to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and true, we now receive
The promiſe ratified by thee:
To thee, the when, and how, we leave
In time and in eternity:
We only hang upon his word,
"The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord."

HYMN 186. [*Weſtminſter.* 8's. & 7's.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jeſu, thou art all compaſſion!
Pure, unbounded love thou art!
Viſit us with thy ſalvation!
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breaſt;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that Second Reſt:
Take away our power of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith, as its beginning
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we wou'd be always bleſſing;
Serve thee as thy hoſts above;
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs let us be:
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd in thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

HYMN 187. [*Eveſham.* L. M.

1 O That my load of ſin were gone,
O! that I cou'd at laſt ſubmit,
At Jeſu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my ſoul at Jeſu's feet.

2 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred-ſin,
And fully ſet my ſpirit free:
I cannot reſt, till pure within,
Till I am wholly loſt in thee.

4 Fain wou'd I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and eaſy burden prove;

The croſs all ſtain'd with hallowed blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I wou'd; but thou muſt give the power,
My heart from every ſin releaſe:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord! the drooping ſinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 188. [*Italian.* L. M.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And ſtamp me with thy Spirit's ſeal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Diſplay thy glory from above:
And all I am ſhall ſink and die,
Loſt in aſtoniſhment and love!

Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I wou'd be by myſelf abhorr'd;
All might, all majeſty, all praiſe,
All glory be to Chriſt my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height:
Now let me into nothing fall,
As leſs than nothing in thy ſight,
And feel that Chriſt is all in all!

§ 8. *For Believers brought to the Birth.*

HYMN 189. [*Invitation.* L. M.

1 O God, to whom in ſi ſh reveal'd
The helpleſs all for ſuccour came:

The ſick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
And found ſalvation in thy name.

2 With publicans and harlots I,
In theſe thy Spirit's goſpel-days,
To thee, the ſinner's friend draw nigh,
And humbly ſue for ſaving grace.

3 Thou ſeeſt me helpleſs and diſtreſt,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor,
Weary, I come to thee for reſt,
And ſick of ſin, implore a cure.

4 My ſin's incurable diſeaſe,
Thou, Jeſus, thou alone canſt heal:
Inſpire me with thy power, and peace,
And pardon on my conſcience ſeal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee
Can turn my heart, and make it clean:
Purge the foul, inbred leproſy,
And ſave me from my boſom-ſin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
Thou canſt the ſaving grace impart;
Thou canſt this inſtant now forgive,
And ſtamp thy image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raiſe,
I know thou canſt this moment cleanſe
The deepeſt ſtains of ſin efface,
And drive the evil ſpirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word!
Accompliſh now thy work in me;
And let my ſoul, to health reſtor'd,
Devote its little all to thee.

HYMN 190. [*Welling.* L. M.

1 JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping ſoul exults to hear:

Thy name, thy all-reſtoring name,
Is muſic in a ſinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou did'ſt receive
With comfortable words and kind:
Their ſorrows chear, their wants relieve,
Heal the diſeas'd, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour ſtill,
In every place and age the ſame?
Haſt thou forgot thy gracious ſkill,
Or loſt the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeleſs name I have;
The good, the kind phyſician thou
Art able now our ſouls to ſave,
Art willing to reſtore them now.

5 Though ſeventeen hundred years are paſt,
Since thou didſt in the fleſh appear;
Thy tender mercies ever laſt!
And ſtill thy healing power is here.

6 Won'dſt thou the body's health reſtore,
And not regard the ſin-ſick ſoul?
The ſin-ſick ſoul thou lov'ſt much more,
And ſurely thou ſhalt make it whole.

7 All my diſeaſe, my every ſin,
To thee, O Jeſus, I confeſs:
In pardon, Lord my cure begin,
And perfect it in holineſs.

8 That token of thine utmoſt good
Now, Saviour, now on me beſtow:
And purge my conſcience with thy blood,
And waſh my nature white as ſnow.

HYMN 191. [*Hotham. All 7's.*

1 SAVIOUR of the ſin-ſick ſoul,
Give me faith to make me whole!
Finiſh thy great work of grace!
Cut it ſhort in righteouſneſs.

2 Speak the ſecond time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred ſin:
Every ſtumbling block remove,
Caſt it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing leſs will I require;
Nothing more can I deſire:
None but Chriſt to me be given!
None but Chriſt, in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decreaſe
O that all I am might ceaſe!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN 192. [*Weſtminſter.* 8's. & 7's.

1 LIGHT of life, ſeraphic fire,
Love divine thyſelf impart;
Every fainting ſoul inſpire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mournful ſinner chear;
Scatter all our guilty gloom!
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come!

2 Come in this accepted hour!
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the ſeeds of ſin:
Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing leſs;

Be thou all our hearts desire,
All our joy and all our peace!

HYMN 193. [*Brockmer.* C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known:
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire,
Is fixt on things above;
Where painful fear, and sin expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I wou'd be thine, thou know'st I wou'd,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing beside my God I want
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And ſeal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
Let all be loſt in God.

HYMN 194. [*Muſician's.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

1 O Glorious hope of perfect love!
It liſts me up to things above:
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my raviſhed ſoul a taſte,
And makes me for ſome moments feaſt
With Jeſu's prieſts and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earneſt hope,
I ſtand and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruits of paradiſe
In endleſs plenty grow:

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar ſmile,
With every bleſſing bleſt:
There dwells the Lord our Righteouſneſs,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlaſting reſt.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this ſide Jordan ſtop,
But now the land poſſeſs!
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and ſins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderneſs.

5 Now, O my Joſhua, bring me in!
Caſt out thy foes; the inbred ſin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchaſe of thy death divide,

And O! with all the ſanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

HYMN 195. [*Mitcham. C. M.*

1 O Joyful ſound of goſpel-grace!
Chriſt ſhall in me appear!
I, even I, ſhall ſee his face!
I ſhall be holy here!

2 The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
To me reach'd out I view:
Conqueror through him, I ſoon ſhall ſeize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from Piſgah's top
I now exult to ſee:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He viſits now the houſe of clay:
He ſhakes his future home:
O! wou'dſt thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come.

5 With me I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot ſuffice,
Unleſs thou planteſt in my heart
A conſtant paradiſe.

6 My heart thou watereſt from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my ſoul!

7 Come, O my God, thyſelf reveal
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canſt my ſpirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large deſires,
Large as infinity:
Give, give me all my ſoul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN 196. [*Dedication.* 6-7's.

1 WHY not now, my God, my God?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take poſſeſſion of my heart;
If thou canſt ſo greatly bow,
Friend of ſinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyſelf to thee I cry;
Dying, if thou ſtill delay,
Muſt I not for ever die?
Enter now thy pooreſt home:
Now, my utmoſt Saviour, come!

HYMN 197. [*Hamilton's.*

1 NOW, even now, I yield, I yield
With all my ſins to part;
Jeſus, ſpeak my pardon ſeal'd,
And purify my heart!
Purge the love of ſin away,
Then I into nothing fall:
Then I ſee the perfect day,
And Chriſt is all in all.

2 Jeſu, now our hearts inſpire,
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire
To brighten and refine,

Purify our faith like gold:
All the drofs of fin remove:
Melt our fpirits down and mould
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 198. [*Liverpool.* C. M.

1 JESUS hath died, that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in fpirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unfpeakable:
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My foul breaks out in ftrong defire
The perfect blifs to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be diffolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyfelf; from every boaft,
From every wifh fet free:
Let all I am in thee be loft
But give thyfelf to me!

5 Thy gifts, alas! can ne'er fuffice,
Unlefs thyfelf be given:
Thy prefence makes my paradife,
And where thou art is heaven!

HYMN 199. [*Liverpool.* C. M.

1 I Afk the gift of righteoufnefs,
The fin-fubduing power:
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I afk the blood-bought pardon feal'd,
The liberty from fin;

The grace infus'd the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fixt within.

3 Thou heareſt me for ſalvation pray,
Thou ſeeſt my heart's deſire:
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulneſs I require.

4 My vehement ſoul cries out oppreſt,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I reſt,
Till I am ſav'd indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer, and renew?

6 Thou canſt, thou wilt, I dare believe:
So arm me with thy power,
That I to ſin ſhall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

§ 9. *For Believers Saved.*

HYMN 200. [*Palmi's.* L. M.

1 YE faithful ſouls, who Jeſus know,
If riſen indeed with him ye are;
Superior to the joys below,
His reſurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions ſhew your ſins forgiven:
And ſeek the glorious things above,
And follow Chriſt your head to heaven!

3 There your exalted Saviour ſee,
Seated at God's right hand again;
In all his Father's majeſty,
In everlaſting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aſpire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praiſe.

5 For, who by faith your Lord receive
Ye nothing want or ſeek beſide:
Dead to the world and ſin,—ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Chriſt conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's boſom lies;
And glorious as your head reveal'd,
Ye ſoon ſhall meet him in the ſkies.

HYMN 201. [*Angels Song.* L. M.

1 LET not the wiſe his wiſdom boaſt!
The mighty glory in his might!
The rich in flattering riches truſt,
Which take their everlaſting flight.

2 The ruſh of numerous years bears down
The moſt gigantic ſtrength of man;
And where is all his wiſdom gone,
When duſt he turns to duſt again?

3 One only gift can juſtify
The boaſting ſoul that knows his God;
When Jeſus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his ſprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my righteouſneſs I praiſe
I triumph in the Love divine:
The wiſdom, wealth, and ſtrength of grace,
In Chriſt to endleſs ages mine.

HYMN 202. [*Olney.* S. M.

1 LORD, in the ſtrength of grace,
With a glad heart and free;

Myſelf, my reſidue of days
I conſecrate to thee.

2 Thy ranſom'd ſervant I,
Reſtore to thee thy own:
And from this moment live or die
To ſerve my God alone.

HYMN 203. [23d *Pſalm.* 6-8's.

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horror overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN 204. [*Cheſhunt.*

1 THE voice of my Beloved ſounds,
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my ſoul with tranſport fills;
Gently doth he chide my ſtay,
"Riſe, my love, and come away."

2 The ſcattered clouds are fled at laſt,
The rain is gone, the winter paſt;
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The warbling choir enchant our ear:
Now, with ſweetly penſive moan,
Coos the turtle-dove alone.

HYMN 205. [*Zion.*

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his power,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.
'Tis Jeſus, the Firſt and the Laſt,
Whoſe ſpirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

HYMN 206. [*London.* 8's.

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, (a ſhining frame!)
Their great Original proclaim.
The' unwearied ſun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſheth to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

And nightly to the liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball:
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 207.

1 THE God of Abraham praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confeſt;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred Name,
For ever bleſt.

2 The God of Abraham praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right-hand:
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend;
He calls himſelf my God;
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Through Jeſu's blood!

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heaven aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his power adore,
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN 208. [*Corniſh.* C. M.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raiſe:
Thy all-ſuſtaining power we prove,
And gladly ſing thy praiſe.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our ſacrifice receive:
Made, and preſerv'd, and ſav'd by thee,
To thee ourſelves we give.

3 Heaven-ward our every wiſh aſpires;
For all thy mercy's ſtore,
The ſole return thy love requires
Is that we aſk for more.

4 For more we aſk; we open then
Our hearts to' embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulneſs fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghoſt, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So ſhall we ever live and move,
And be with Chriſt in God.

HYMN 209. [*Morning Song.* C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys:
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe?

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
While in the ſilent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breaſt.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd;
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlippery paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran;
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The pleaſing theme renew.

3 Through all eternity to thee,
A grateful ſong I'll raiſe;
But O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN 210. [*Foundery. All 7's.*

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield;
Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and juſt, and right,
That we ſhou'd be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art!
Holineſs unto the Lord
Still be written on our heart!

HYMN 211. [*Wedneſbury.* C. M.

1 LET him to whom we now belong,
His ſovereign right aſſert,
And take up every thankful ſong,
And every loving heart.

2 He juſtly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The chriſtian lives to Chriſt alone,
To Chriſt alone he dies.

3 Jeſus, thine own at laſt receive!
Fulfil our heart's deſire!

And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cauſe expire.

4 Our ſouls and bodies we reſign:
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all Eternity.

HYMN 212. [112*th Pſalm.* 6-8's.

1 BEHOLD the ſervant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel;
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will:
Joyful from my own works to ceaſe,
Glad to fulfil all righteouſneſs.

2 Me if thy grace vouchſafe to uſe,
Meaneſt of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner chuſe:
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good deſign
O'er-rule, or change, as ſeems thee meet,
Jeſu, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,
And pleaſing in thy Father's ſight:
Thou only haſt done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave:
Mould as thou wilt thy paſſive clay
But let me all thy ſtamp receive;
But let me all thy words obey:
Serve with a ſingle heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN 213. [*Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 THOU Shepherd of Iſrael, and mine,
The joy and deſire of my heart,
For cloſer communion I pine,
I long to reſide where thou art:
The paſture I languiſh to find,
Where all who their ſhepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd,
And ſcreen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! ſhew me that happieſt place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where ſaints in an ecſtaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a ſinner declare,
Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
My ſpirit to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the Lambs of thy flock;
There only I covet to reſt,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN 214. [*Saliſbury. All 7's.*

1 HARK! the herald angels ſing,
"Glory to their new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and ſinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumph of the ſkies,

With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
" Chriſt is born in Bethlehem."

2 Chriſt, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men to' appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Riſen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

4 Come, deſire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home:
Riſe, the woman's conquering ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head;
Adam's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinſtate us in thy love.

HYMN 215. [*Dedication.* 6-7's.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celeſtial hoſt
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vileſt of the ſinful race,
Lo! I anſwer to thy call;
Meaneſt veſſel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo, I come to do thy will,
All thy counſel to fulfil.

3 If ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions ſanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me, for thy ſervice claim,
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my ſoul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel!
All I think, or ſpeak, or do;
Take my heart; but make it new!

5 Now, O God, thy own I am:
Now I give thee back thy own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Conſecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier ſtill, if thine I die.

HYMN 216. [*Lampe's*. S. M

JESU, my truth, my way,
My ſure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble ſteps I ſtay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
My wiſdom and my guide,
My counſellor thou art:
O never let me leave thy ſide,
Or from thy paths depart!

2 I lift my eyes to thee
Thou lovely, bleeding Lamb!
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to ſhame.
Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cauſe;
But reſt in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy croſs.

3 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee! O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!
Still ſtir me up to ſtrive
With thee in ſtrength divine:
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting ſoul of mine.

4 Perſiſt to ſave my ſoul
Throughout the fiery hour;
Till I am every whit made whole,
And ſhew forth all thy power.
Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new ſong to ſing,
When perfected in grace!

5 O make me all like thee
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and ſtabliſh me,
And build me up in love.
Let me thy witneſs live,
When ſin is all deſtroy'd;
And then my ſpotleſs ſoul receive,
And take me home to God.

§ 10. *For Believers Interceding.*

Hymn 217. [*Angels Song.* L. M.

1 FATHER, if juſtly ſtill we claim,
To us and ours the promiſe made;
To us be graciouſly the ſame,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holineſs the Spirit ſhower;
Of wiſe diſcernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing ſpeech,
Of power demonſtrative impart,
Such as may every conſcience reach,
And ſound the unbelieving heart:

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmoſt of the mind!
To purge all fierce and foul deſire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The Spirit of faith in this our day,
To break the power of cancell'd ſin;
Tread down its ſtrength, o'erturn its ſway,
And ſtill the conqueſt more than win.

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and ſtrife:
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

Hymn 218. [*Angels Song.* L. M.

1 ON all the earth thy Spirit ſhower,
The earth in righteouſneſs renew:
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy ſceptre all ſubdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it oppoſers all o'er-turn;
And every law of ſin reverſe,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richeſt energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Chriſt prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;
The antient ſeers thou didſt inſpire!
To us perform the promiſe due,
Deſcend, and crown us now with fire!

HYMN 219. [*Snowsfields.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

For the KING.

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy people pray,
For all that bear the ſovereign ſway,
And thy Vicegerent's reign:
Rulers, and governors, and powers,
And lo! in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Jeſu, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And every threatning danger ward
From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe,
And through the paths of heavenly peace,
To life eternal lead.

3 Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes deſtroy:
But ſhower on him thy bleſſings down:
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlaſting joy.

4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he reach that high abode,
Late to his heaven remove:
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

5 And when thou doſt his ſpirit receive,
O give him, in his offspring, give
Us back our king again,
Preſerve them, Providence Divine,
And let the long-illuſtrious line
To lateſt ages reign.

6 Secure us of his royal race
A man to ſtand before thy face,
And exercile thy power;
With wealth, proſperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bleſs,
Till time ſhall be no more.

Hymn 220. [*Wedneſbury*. C. M.

For Parents.

1 GOD only wiſe, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our ſteps aright:

2 To ſteer our dangerous courſe between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us to the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt by thy ſufficient grace
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our riſing progeny.

4 Their ſelfiſh will in time ſubdue,
And mortify their pride:
And lend their youth a ſacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We wou'd in every ſtep look up,
By thy example taught
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We wou'd perſuade their hearts to' obey,
With mildeſt zeal proceed,
And never take the harſher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we aſk in faith ſincere
The wiſdom from above;
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will to ſenſe inclin'd,
With-hold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their ſouls to God.

HYMN 221. [*Invitation.* L. M.

For MASTERS.

1 MASTER ſupreme, I look to thee
For grace and wiſdom from above!
Veſted with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love!

2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might;

3 Inferiors as a ſacred truſt
I from the ſovereign Lord receive,

That what is ſuitable and juſt,
Impartial I to all may give.

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye:
From vice and wickedneſs reſtrain:
Miſtakes and leſſer faults paſs by,
And govern with a looſer rein.

5 The ſervant faithfully diſcreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly intreat,
And ſcarce diſtinguiſh from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forſake,
Th' occaſion of his ſtumbling prove;
The ſervant to my boſom take,
And mar him by familiar love.

7 Order, if ſome invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the goſpel-ſound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectneſs as pride,
With condeſcending dignity,
Jeſus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the poſt aſſigned by thee.

9 Oh, could I emulate the zeal,
Thou doſt to thy poor ſervants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of ſouls entruſted to my care;

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The ſouls, whom Chriſt expir'd to ſave;
And think, how ſoon my ſway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

PART V.

For the SOCIETY MEETING.

HYMN 222. [*Foundery.* 7's.

1 PEACE be on this houſe beſtow'd,
Peace on all who here reſide;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!
Let the Spirit now come down,
Let the bleſſing now take place!
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulneſs of the goſpel-grace.

2 Chriſt, my Maſter, and my Lord,
Let me thy fore-runner be:
O be mindful of thy word;
Viſit them, and viſit me!
To this houſe and all herein
Now let thy ſalvation come;
Save our ſouls from in-bred ſin:
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never reſt,
Till the promiſe is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee poſſeſt,
Pardon'd, ſanctified, and ſeal'd:
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam loſt,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN 223. [*Newcaſtle.*

ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet;
His love we proclaim, His praiſes repeat;

We own him our Jesus, Continually near
To pardon, and bless us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
Preserv'd by his grace, thro'out the dark hour;
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

3 Thro' pride and desire, Unhurt we have gone,
Thro' water and fire With him we went on:
The world and the devil Thro' him we o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

4 When we wou'd have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face,
He hindred our flying; (His goodness to show,
And stopt us by crying, "Will ye also go!"

5 O what shall I do, My Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give!
Give us the salvation Of all that believe!

6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue
And teach even us The spiritual song:
Let us without ceasing, Give thanks for thy grace
And glory, and blessing, And honour and praise.

7 Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free
Ah, hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for me!
The peace thou hast given, This moment impart
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

HYMN 224. [*Islington.* L. M.

1 BROTHER in Christ and well-beloved
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter and shew thyself approv'd;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from ſin,
By fiends purſu'd, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And ſhare the portion of thy Lord.

3 Welcome from earth! — lo, the right hand
Of fellowſhip to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we ſtand,
And thee in Jeſu's name receive.

4 Say, is thy heart reſolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with ſacred love:
Then let it taſte the heavenly pow'rs;
Partaker of the joys above.

5 Jeſu, attend, thyſelf reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midſt we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the ſpreading flame.

6 Thou God, that anſwereſt by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart:
And let the flames of pure deſire
Riſe from the altar of our heart.

7 Truly our fellowſhip below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliſs.

8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above:
And I ſhall then behold thee near,
And I ſhall all be loſt in love.

HYMN 225. [*Bexley.* C. M.

1 JESU, great Shepherd of the ſheep,
To thee for help we fly:

Thy little flock in ſafety keep!
For O, the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of helliſh malice full,
To ſcatter, tear, and ſlay:
He ſeizes every ſtraggling ſoul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take
And gather with thy arm:
Unleſs we firſt the fold forſake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to ſcorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's ſide;
The ſheep he never can devour,
Unleſs he firſt divide.

5 O do not ſuffer him to part
The ſouls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us ſweetly live!
Together let us die!
And each a ſtarry crown receive,
And reign above the ſky.

HYMN 226. [*Brockmer.* C. M.

1 SEE, Jeſu, thy diſciples ſee,
The promis'd bleſſing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd:
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midſt to find.

3 With us thou art aſſembled here;
But O thyſelf reveal!

Son of the living God, appear,
Let us thy preſence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And theſe dry bones ſhall live:
Speak peace into our hearts and ſay,
"The Holy Ghoſt receive!"

5 Whom now we ſeek, O may we meet,
Jeſus, the crucified;
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou, who for us haſt died.

6 Cauſe us the record to receive;
Speak, and the token ſhew;
"Oh! be not faithleſs but believe
In me, who died for you!"

HYMN 227. [*Amſterdam.*

1 TWO are better far than one
For counſel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or ſerve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands!
Each to love provoke his friend:
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Wo to him whoſe ſpirits droop,
To him who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakneſs on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each other's burdens bear:
Never need our footſteps ſlip;
Upheld by mutual prayer,

3 Who of twain has made us one,
Maintains our unity:
Jeſus is the corner ſtone,
In whom we all agree:
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind:
Who can break a three-fold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowſhip of ſaints;
Find ſupplied in Jeſu's love
What every member wants!
Graſp we our high calling's prize!
Feel our ſins on earth forgiven!
Riſe, in his whole image riſe,
And meet our head in heaven!

§ 2. *For the Society giving Thanks.*

HYMN 228. [*Builth.*

1 COME away to the ſkies! My beloved, ariſe,
And rejoice in the day thou waſt born;
On this feſtival day, Come exulting away,
And with ſinging to Sion return!

2 We have laid up our love,
And treaſure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with ſinging to paradiſe go.

3 With ſinging we praiſe, The original grace,
By our heavenly Father beſtow'd:
Our being receive, From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are, Created to ſhare
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Created again, That our ſouls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve,
The deſign of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jeſus's name
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feaſt of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We ſhall ſuddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more
We ſhall ſing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we ſing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praiſes repeat;
To the Lamb that was ſlain, Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In aſſurance of hope, We to Jeſus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we do ſee,
And cry out, "It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 229. [*Miſs Edwin's.* 4-5's. & 2-8's.

1 COME all, whoe'er have ſet
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jeſus let us meet,
And praiſe our common Lord:
In Jeſus let us ſtill go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer ſtill
We to our country come;
To that celeſtial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home;
The New Jeruſalem above,
The ſeat of everlaſting love.

3 The ranſom'd ſons of God,
All earthly things we ſcorn,
And to our high abode
With ſongs of praiſe return;
From ſtrength to ſtrength we ſtill proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel:
Redeem'd from ſin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's houſe repair
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he;
And in his ſteps who tread,
We ſoon his face ſhall ſee;
Shall ſee him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HYMN 230. [*Derby.*

1 COME let as anew, Our journey purſue,
With vigour ariſe,
And preſs to our permanent place in the ſkies.
Of heavenly birth, Tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But ſtrangers and pilgrims ourſelves we confeſs.

2 At Jeſus's call, We gave up our all;
And ſtill we forego
For Jeſus's ſake our enjoyments below:
No longing we find, For our country behind;
But onward we move,
And ſtill we are ſeeking a country above.

3 A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart, and our treaſure already are there.
We march hand in hand, To Immanuel's land:
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way, The ſhorter our ſtay;
The tempeſts that riſe
Shall glorioufly hurry our ſouls to the ſkies;
The fiercer the blaſt, The ſooner 'tis paſt:
The troubles that come
Shall come to our reſcue, and haſten us home.

Hymn 231. [*Builth.*

1 COME, let us aſcend,
My companions and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine, If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jeſus confide, We are bold to out-ride
The ſtorms of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we ſoar
To the heavenly ſhore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come,
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve:

By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heavens is love!

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace
The whole heavenly company ſing!

5 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorified throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres:
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry, To the King of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM:
To the Lamb that was ſlain, And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleaſure he leads,
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the ſight of his face
Our beatified ſpirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim, His ineffable name:
Our bodies his glory diſplay:
A day without night, We feaſt in his ſight,
And eternity ſeems as a day.

HYMN 231.*

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, all-quickning fire,
Come and in me delight to reſt:
Drawn by the lure of ſtrong deſire,
O come, and conſecrate my breaſt;

The temple of my ſoul prepare,
And fix thy ſacred preſence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyſelf reveal;
Give me thyſelf, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my ſtore,
Eager I aſk, and pant for more.

3 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treaſure and my all thou art!
True witneſs of my ſon-ſhip, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my ſins thro' Chriſt forgiven,
Earneſt of love, and pledge of heaven.

4 Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earneſt give!
With clearer light thy witneſs bear;
More ſenſibly within me live:
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper ſtamp thyſelf the ſeal!

§ 3 *For the Society Praying.*

HYMN 232. [*Aldrich.* C. M.

1 COME, thou omniſcient Son of Man,
Diſplay thy ſifting power;
Come with thy winnowing Spirit's fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of ſin, the' accurſed thing
Far from our ſouls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame!
The clouds and darkneſs chaſe:
And tell me what by ſin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove!
As duſt before the whirlwind flies,
Diſperſe it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulneſs know,
From every ſin ſet free:
Sav'd, to the utmoſt ſav'd below,
And perfectly like thee.

Hymn 233. [*Wenvo. C. M.*

1 TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of every ſinful heart:
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Our little ſtock to' improve:
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou haſt made us free indeed,
And ſpotleſs here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the ſanctified.

HYMN 234. [*Wenvo.* C. M.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we ſeek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine eaſy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one ſpirit drink,
Baptize into thy name:
And let us always kindly think,
And ſweetly ſpeak the ſame.

4 Touch'd by the loadſtone of thy love
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.

5 To thee inſeparably join'd,
Let all our ſpirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectneſs,
Thy ſpotleſs charity;

O let us (ſtill we pray) poſſeſs
The mind that was in thee.

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Inſenſibly remove:
Our ſouls their change ſhall ſcarcely know,
Made perfect firſt in love.

8 With eaſe our ſouls through death ſhall glide
Into their paradiſe:
And thence on wings of Angels ride
Triumphant through the ſkies.

9 Yet when the fulleſt joy is given,
The ſame delight we prove,
In earth, in paradiſe, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

HYMN 235. [*Hamilton.*

John xiv. 16, 17.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his gracious word,
And hear his ſpeaking blood:
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son!
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
And ſend the promiſe down.

2 True and faithful Witneſs, thou,
O Chriſt, the Spirit give:
Haſt thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit ſhed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
The gift of Jeſus, come:
Glows our heart to find thee near;
And ſwells to make thee room;
Preſent with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be;
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN 236. [*Hotham. All 7's.*

1 GOD of love, that hear'ſt the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care;
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, ſave us to the end!
Save us in the proſperous hour
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unſuſpected wiles;
From the world's pernicious ſmiles.

2 Cut off our dependance vain
On the help of feeble man,
Every arm of fleſh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!
Men of worldly, low deſign,
Let not theſe thy people join,
Poiſon our ſimplicity,
Drag us from our truſt in thee.

3 Save us from the great and wiſe,
Till they ſink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke ſubmit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.
Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulph between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.

4 Let us ſtill to thee look up,
Thee, thy Iſrael's ſtrength and hope,
Nothing know or ſeek beſide
Jeſus, and him crucified.
Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taſte our glorious liberty;
Find our happy all in thee!

HYMN 237. [*Hotham. All 7's.*

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever ceaſe.
By thy reconciling love
Every ſtumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear:
Come, and ſpread thy banner here:

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind:
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give!
Shew, how true believers live.

3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love expreſs,
All the heights of holineſs;
Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:

On the wings of angels fly:
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN 238. [*Cardiff.* 4-6's & 2-8's

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We ſeek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to' approve,
Thy providence obey,
Enter into thy wiſe deſign,
And ſweetly loſe our will in thine.

2 Why haſt thou caſt our lot
In the ſame age and place?
And why together brought
To ſee each others' face;
To join with ſofteſt ſympathy,
And mix our friendly ſouls in thee?

3 Didſt thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each others' pain,
Till all thy utmoſt goodneſs prove,
And ri[illegible]enew'd in perfect love.

4 Surely thou didſt unite
Our kindred ſpirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The bleſſed end in view
And join with mutual care
To fight our paſſage through

And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the ſtarry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit ſeal
Our ſouls unto that day!
With all thy fulneſs fill,
And then tranſport away;
Away to our eternal reſt,
Away to our Redeemer's breaſt!

HYMN 239. [*Aſcenſion. All 7's.*

1 CHRIST, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Perfecting thy ſaints below,
Hear us, who thy nature ſhare,
Who thy myſtic body are.
Join us, in one ſpirit join,
Let us ſtill receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thee, who fillest all in all!

2 Cloſer knit to thee our Head:
Nouriſh us, O Chriſt, and feed:
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jeſus live.
Jeſus we thy members are!
Cheriſh us with kindeſt care;
Of thy fleſh and of thy bone:
Love, for ever love thine own!

3 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide:
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil:
Never from our office move:
Needful to each other prove:
Uſe the grace on each beſtowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

4 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with ſofteſt ſympathy:
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its ſhare.
Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan:
Honoured, if one member is,
All partake the common bliſs.

5 Many are we now and one,
We who Jeſus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!
Love, like death, hath all deſtroy'd,
Rendered all diſtinctions void:
Names, and ſects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Chriſt, art all in all!

HYMN 240. [*Love-Feaſt. All 7's.*

The LOVE-FEAST.

1 COME, and let us ſweetly join
Chriſt to praiſe in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raiſe:
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feaſt of love.

2 Strive we, in affection ſtrive:
Let the purer flame revive:
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live, and love:
Call'd we are their joys to prove;

Sav'd with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jeſu's name,
Now as yeſterday the ſame,
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Chriſt our Maſter ſtand
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confeſs;
We are Jeſu's witneſſes.

4 Witneſſes that Chriſt hath died;
We with him are crucified:
Chriſt hath burſt the bands of death;
We his quickning Spirit breathe.
Chriſt is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wiſhes fly:
Sits at God's right-hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN 241. [*Foundery. All 7's.*

Part the Second.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
Humbly ſtoop to earth again;
Come, and viſit abject man!
Jeſu, dear expected gueſt,
Thou art bidden to the feaſt:
For thyſelf our hearts prepare!
Come, and ſit, and banquet there.

2 Jeſu, we thy promiſe claim:
We are met in thy great name;
In the midſt do thou appear,
Manifeſt thy preſence here!

Sanctify us, Lord, and bleſs!
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyſelf within us move:
Make our feaſt a feaſt of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound:
Let us in thy bowels found:
Faith, and love, and joy increaſe,
Temperance, and gentleneſs:
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to' appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light.
Call, O call us each by name
To the marriage of the Lamb,
Let us lean upon thy breaſt,
Love be there our endleſs feaſt.

HYMN 242. [*Invitation.* L. M.

1 JESUS, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Great builder of thy church below:
If now thy Spirit moves my breaſt,
Hear and fulfil thine own requeſt.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy ſanctifying word;
And thee their utmoſt Saviour own,
Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind expreſs,
Stand forth thy choſen witneſſes;
Thy power unto ſalvation ſhow,
And perfect holineſs below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Chriſtians liv'd in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 O might my lot be caſt with theſe,
The leaſt of Jeſu's witneſſes!
O that my Lord would count me meet
To waſh his dear diſciples feet!

6 This only thing do I require;
Thou know'ſt 'tis all my heart's deſire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The ſervant of thy church to live.

7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy ſaints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And ſerve the royal heirs of heaven.

8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And aſk according to thy will:
Confirm the prayer, the ſeal impart,
And ſpeak the anſwer to my heart.

9 Tell me, or thou ſhalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard, it ſhall be ſo."
The word hath paſs'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 243. [*Muſicians.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The beſt concerted ſchemes are vain,
And never can ſucceed:
We ſpend our wretched ſtrength for nought,
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They ſhall be bleſt indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didſt thyſelf inſpire
Our ſouls with this intenſe deſire
Thy goodneſs to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jeſu's name!

3 In Jeſu's name behold we meet;
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways:
One only thing reſolv'd to know,
And ſquare our uſeful lives below
By reaſon and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark, monaſtic cell,
By vows and grates confin'd;
Freely to all ourſelves we give,
Conſtrain'd by Jeſu's love, to live
The ſervants of mankind.

5 Now, Jeſu, now thy love impart
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy riſing church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With pureſt luſtre ſhine!
That all around our works may ſee,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine

HYMN 244. [*Mitcham.* C. M.

1 COME, let us uſe the grace divine,
And all with one accord

In a perpetual covenant join
Ourſelves to Chriſt the Lord:

2 Give up ourſelves thro' Jeſu's pow'r,
His name to glorify;
And promiſe in this ſacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant, we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forſake,
Or caſt his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our ſolemn vow!
And if thou art well-pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Let all our hearts receive!
Preſent with the celeſtial hoſt,
The peaceful anſwer give!

6 To each the covenant-blood apply,
Which takes our ſins away,
And regiſter our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

§ 4 *For the Society Parting.*

HYMN 245. [*Weſtminſter.* C. M.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one ſpirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go!
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And ſhew his praiſe below.

3 O may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beſide:
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucified!

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The ſame in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us haſten to the day,
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore;
When death ſhall all be done away
And bodies part no more!

HYMN 246. [*Cardiff.*

1 JESUS, accept the praiſe
That to thy name belongs!
Matter of all our praiſe,
Subject of all our ſongs:
Thro' thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In fleſh we part awhile,
But ſtill in ſpirit join'd,
To' embrace the happy toil,
Thou haſt to all aſſign'd:
And, while we do thy bleſſed will,
We bear our heaven about us ſtill.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleaſant ways,
And, arm'd with patience run,
With joy th' appointed race!

Keep us and every ſeeking ſoul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we ſhall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We ſhall with all our brethren riſe
And graſp thee in the flaming ſkies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls the exiles home!
The heavens ſhall paſs away;
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we ſhall view and heaven deſtroy'd,
And ſhout above the fiery void!

6 Theſe eyes ſhall ſee them fall,
Mountains, and ſtars, and ſkies;
Theſe eyes ſhall ſee them all
Out of their aſhes riſe!
Theſe lips his praiſe ſhall rehearſe,
Whoſe nod reſtores the univerſe!

7 According to his word,
His oath to ſinners given,
We look to ſee reſtor'd
The ruin'd earth and heaven;
In a new world thy truth to prove,
A world of righteouſneſs and love.

8 Then let us wait the ſound,
That ſhall our ſouls releaſe,
And labour to be found
Of him in ſpotleſs peace:
In perfect holineſs renew'd
Adorn'd with Chriſt, and meet for God

HYMN 247. [*Fetter-Lane* C. M.

1 GOD of all conſolation, take
The glory of thy grace:
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

2 Thro' thee we now together came
In ſingleneſs of heart;
We met, O Jeſus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body not in mind:
Our minds continue one:
And each to each in Jeſus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subſiſts as in us all one ſoul;
No power can make us twain:
And mountains riſe, and oceans roll,
To ſever us, in vain.

5 Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 In Jeſus Chriſt together we
In heavenly places ſit:
Cloth'd with the ſun, we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Chriſt in God:
Our life ſhall ſoon appear:
And ſhed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

8 The heavenly treaſure now we have
In a mean houſe of clay;

But he ſhall to the utmoſt ſave,
And keep it to that day.

9 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he ſhall keep them ſtill:
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Sion's hill!

10 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee;
Our face like his ſhall ſhine;
O what a glorious company
When ſaints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd!
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our paſſage through:
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
O Jeſus, quickly come!

HYMN 248. [*Lampe's.*

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair:
Inſeparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jeſus are!
Jeſus the corner-ſtone
Didſt firſt our hearts unite;
And ſtill he keeps our ſpirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let us ſtill proceed
In Jeſu's work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conqueſts go.
The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And lo! we ſee the vaſt reward,
Which waits us in the ſkies!

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually aſcend,
That haven of repoſe to find,
Where all our labours end:
Where all our toils are o'er
Our ſuffering and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal ſhore
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,
When ſaints and angels meet!
There we ſhall ſee each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
The church of the firſt-born,
We ſhall with them be bleſt;
And, crown'd with endleſs joy, return
To our eternal reſt.

5 With joy we ſhall behold
In yonder bleſt abode
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the ſaints of God.
Abraham and Iſaac there,
And Jacob ſhall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer
Who now in bodies live.

6 We ſhall our time beneath,
Live out in chearful hope;
And fearleſs paſs the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
To gather home his own
God ſhall his angels ſend:
And bid our bliſs on earth begun
In deathleſs triumphs end.

HYMN 249. [*Foundery. All* 7's.

1 JESU, ſoft harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's deſire!
See thy followers, holy Lamb,
All at once to thee aſpire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we ſwiftly run:
Hand in hand we ſeek thy face;
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Moliſy our harſher will:
Each to each our tempers ſuit,
By thy modulating ſkill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our ſpirits move!
Gently touch the trembling ſtrings
Make the harmony of love,
Muſic for the King of Kings!

3 See the ſouls that hang on thee:
Sever'd though in fleſh we are,
Join'd in ſpirit all agree;
All thy only love declare,
Spread thy love to all around;
Hark! we now our voices raiſe;
Joyful, conſentaneous ſound,
Sweeteſt ſymphony of praiſe.

4 Jeſu's praiſe be all our ſong:
While we Jeſu's praiſe repeat,
Glide our happy ſouls along,
Glide with down upon their feet:
Far from ſorrow, ſin, and fear,
Till we take our ſeats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only ſing, and praiſe, and love!

HYMN 250. [*Wedneſbury*. C. M.

1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb:
And join with us to praiſe his love,
And glorify his name:
To Jeſu's name give thanks and ſing,
Whoſe mercies never end.
Rejoice! rejoice, the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend!

2 We for his ſake count all things loſs,
On earthly goods look down;
And joyfully ſuſtain the croſs,
Till we receive the crown;
O let us ſtir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy purifying hope,
And the ſweet taſk of love.

3 Love us, though far in fleſh disjoin'd,
Ye lovers of the Lamb:
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and ſpeak the ſame:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jeſus bow:
Stretch out the arm of faith and prayer,
And lo! we reach you now.

4 The bleſſings all on you be ſhed,
Which God in Chriſt imparts;
We pray the ſpirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts:
Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white ſtone.

5 Let all who for the promiſe wait,
The Holy Ghoſt receive:
And rais'd to your unſinning ſtate
With God in Eden live:
Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait your heaven to ſhare!
He now is fitting up your home!
Go on! we'll meet you there.

HYMN 251. [*Mitcham.* C. M

1 COME let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celeſtial riſe;
Let all the ſaints terreſtrial ſing
With thoſe to glory gone:
For all the ſervants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the ſtream,
The narrow ſtream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his hoſt hath croſs'd the flood
And part are croſſing now.

3 Ten thouſand to their endleſs home
This ſolemn moment fly:
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant, embodied hoſt
With wiſhful looks we ſtand,
And long to ſee that happy coaſt,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in diſtreſs
We haſte again to ſee,
And eager long for our releaſe
And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With thoſe that went before,
And greet the blood-beſprinkled bands
On the eternal ſhore.

5 Our ſpirits too ſhall quickly join,
Like theirs, with glory crown'd,
And ſhout to ſee our Captain's ſign,
To hear his trumpet ſound:
O that we now might graſp our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hoſts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

HYMN 252. [*Brockmer.* C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his ſins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I ſeek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal ſight;
Even now by faith I ſee

The land of reſt, the ſaints delight,
The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 A ſtranger in the world below,
I calmly ſojourn here,
Nor can its happineſs or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as ſoon are paſt;
But, O! the bliſs to which I tend
Eternally ſhall laſt.

3 To that Jeruſalem above
With ſinging I repair,
While in the fleſh, my hope and love,
My heart and ſoul are there:
There my exalted Saviour ſtands,
My merciful High-Prieſt,
And ſtill extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breaſt.

4 What is there here to court my ſtay,
To hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confin'd?
Nay, but whene'er my ſoul aſcends,
They will not ſtay behind.

HYMN 253. [*Brockmer.* C. M.

Part the Second.

1 THE race we all are running now,
And if I firſt attain,
They too their willing heads ſhall bow,
They too the prize ſhall gain;

Now on the brink of death we ſtand,
And if I paſs before,
They all ſhall ſoon eſcape to land,
And hail me on the ſhore.

2 Then let me ſuddenly remove,
That hidden life to ſhare;
I ſhall not loſe my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jeſu's praiſe ſhall join,
His boundleſs love proclaim,
And ſolemnize in ſongs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

3 O what a bleſſ d hope is ours!
While here on earth we ſtay,
We more than taſte the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the reſurrection near,
Our life in Chriſt conceal'd,
And with his glorious preſence here
Our earthen veſſels fill'd.

4 O would he more of heaven beſtow,
And let the veſſel break,
And let our ranſom'd ſpirits go
To graſp the God we ſeek:
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the ſight for me,
And ſhout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

M.

HYMN 254. [*Triumph.*

YE heavens rejoice, In Jeſus's grace,
Let earth ma k canoiſe, And echo his praiſe

w,

Our all-loving Saviour, Hath pacified God,
And paid for his favour, The price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales, In praiſes abound,
Ye hills and ye dales, Continue the ſound;
Break forth into ſinging, Ye trees of the wood,
For Jeſus is bringing Loſt ſinners to God.

3 Atonement he made For every one;
The debt he hath paid, The work he hath done;
Shout all the creation, Below and above,
Aſcribing ſalvation, To Jeſus his love.

4 His mercy hath brought, Salvation to all,
Who take it unbought, He frees them from thrall;
Throughout the believer, His glory diſplays,
And perfects for ever, The veſſels of grace.

HYMN 255. [*Muſician's*. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

THOU God of harmony and love,
1 Whoſe name tranſports the ſaints above
And lulls the raviſh'd ſpheres:
On thee in feeble ſtrains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
The heavenly choriſters.
If well I know the tuneful art,
To captivate an human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine:
A ſervant of thy bleſſed will,
I here, devote my utmoſt ſkill,
To ſound the praiſe divine.

3 With Tubal's wretched ſons no more,
I proſtitute my ſacred power,
To pleaſe the fiends beneath;
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or ſmooth with muſick's hand the way
To everlaſting death.

4 Suffice for this the ſeaſon paſt;
I come, great God, to learn at laſt
The leſſon of thy grace;
Teach me the new, the goſpel ſong,
And let my heart, my hand, my tongue
Move only to thy praiſe.

5 Thine own muſician, Lord, inſpire,
And let my conſecrated lyre
Repeat the Pſalmiſt's part:
His ſon, and thine, reveal in me,
And fill with ſacred melody
The fibres of my heart.

6 So ſhall I charm the liſtening throng,
And draw the living ſtones along,
By Jeſu's tuneful name:
The living ſtones ſhall dance, ſhall riſe,
And form a city in the ſkies,
The New Jeruſalem!

HYMN 256. [*Muſician's*. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

Part the Second.

1 O Might I with thy ſaints aſpire,
The meaneſt of that dazzling choir
Who chant thy praiſe above;
Mixt with the bright muſician-band,
May I an heavenly harper ſtand,
And ſing the ſong of love.

2 What ecſtaſy of bliſs is there,
While all the' angelic concert ſhare,
And drink the floating joys!

What more than ecſtaſy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jeſu's glorious voice!

3 Jeſus! the heaven of heavens he is,
The ſoul of harmony and bliſs!
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our ſpirits are all eye, all ear;
And ſilence ſpeaks his praiſe.

4 O might I die that awe to prove,
That proſtrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three-One!
To ſhout by turns the burſting joy,
And all eternity employ
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This is the 1787 book written to compele with Spence's Book; but it is without the preface & it has 3 additional hymns prefixed.

There is another Edition (one printed in Dublin 1810 call'd the 15th) having the musician's Hymn "Thou God of Harmony & love" & another "How happy every child of grace" prefixed instead of the 2 named above. This is also without the preface